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BRITAIN AND ISRAEL

THE screeching headlines, with which the popular press announced the invasion of Israel by huge Arab armies, bear as yet little relation to the facts. Units of the Egyptian army have crossed the desert and moved cautiously northwards through exclusively Arab areas. Meanwhile Egyptian Spitfires have bombed Tel-Aviv; Syrian and Iraqi detachments have crossed the Jewish frontier at the southern tip of the Sea of Galilee. Finally, to the east, the Arab Legion has advanced into positions from which Jerusalem lies under its fire. On the Jewish side, the capture of Acre, which lies outside the frontiers of Israel, is apparently designed to protect the Bay of Haifa from interference across the Lebanese frontier. All that has happened so far is a series of manœuvres preliminary either to a frontier bargain or to real warfare on the part of the Arab States.

Which decision they take, depends partly on their own internal rivalries and even more on the attitude of Great Britain. Broadly speaking, Transjordan and Iraq, whose rulers belong to a single dynasty, have common aims which conflict sharply with those of Syria and Egypt. Abdullah undoubtedly desires a large slice of Palestine and would, if he dare to affront Arab pride, sign a treaty with the Jews. King Farouk, plagued with an acute domestic crisis and anxious to put Egypt at the head of the Arab League, has sent his army in to keep an eye on Abdullah; and the Syrians, suspicious of Abdullah's ambitions for a Greater Syria, are playing the same game. Ibn Saud, presumably under American pressure, has kept notably aloof. In these circumstances, any real co-ordination of Arab strategy and policy is most unlikely. If the Jews can control their exuberant self-confidence, they should not find it beyond their strength, while launching a counter-offensive at one of the invading forces, to hold the rest at bay. Since the British blockade ended promptly on May 16, well-trained reinforcements from the D.P. camps, as well as food and equipment, are pouring in through Tel-Aviv and, to a lesser extent, through Haifa, now controlled by the Jews under an agreement which gives first priority to British troop evacuation.

But there is no reason why it should come to large-scale warfare. The recognition of Israel, by both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., has rendered it virtually impossible for the Arabs, even if they were militarily strong enough, to "liquidate the Jewish State" in defiance of the two world Powers. The Mufti's dreams, shared by millions of Arabs throughout the world, have been shattered, and the question now is not whether Israel will survive, but on what terms it will live together with its neighbours. By accepting the appalling risks of conflict first with Britain and then with the Arab League, and by refusing to be scared by the short-lived American "about-turn," the Jews have established a basis for their national existence. They won the first and decisive battle before May 15, because they possessed the nerve of the fanatic fighting for his life. In contrast, the upper-class Arabs of Palestine, almost without exception, fled the country when the threat of war became acute and left it to foreigners to wage the war. This abject failure of leadership has destroyed any vestige of authority which the Arab Higher Committee possessed six weeks ago. The Palestinian Arabs will become members either of Israel or of Transjordan but never of a Palestinian State.

In these circumstances the task of the British Government is not difficult to discern. In the first place the evacuation, which has begun under conditions of most sensible co-operation between the British field commanders and the Haganah, must be completed as soon as possible. In the second place, a clear directive must be given to Abdullah. The Cairo story, that the cost of the Arab Legion is now being borne by the Arab League, has not been confirmed in London; and anyway the treaty, signed a few weeks ago by Mr. Bevin, expressly forbids acts of war by Transjordan without British consent. In the eyes of everyone in the Middle East the Arab Legion is a British instrument, and our policy will be judged by its behaviour. We should give instructions that it should limit its military operations to the policing of the areas allotted to the Arabs under the Partition Plan.

Lastly, we should recognise the *de facto* sovereignty of Israel. Only by this step can we prepare the way for a British re-entry into Middle Eastern politics. Despite all Mr. Bevin's powers of persuasion, nothing will convince the Arabs that Jews are not our allies. We had better draw some benefit by making the alliance a reality, complementary to our alliance with the Arab States.

A resumption of Anglo-Jewish relations, moreover, would restore to us an influence on the policy of Israel which will be sorely needed in the months that lie ahead. The existence of a Jewish State, recognised by America and Russia, has upset the whole balance of power in the Middle East and shaken the flimsy structure of the Arab League. The danger implicit in this situation is an opportunity for statesmanship. The one fatal thing would be to stand sulking in a corner, because we backed the wrong horse. Only if we play the leading role in laying the foundations of Jewish-Arab co-operation can we reassert British leadership in an area vital to world peace.

Marshall, Stalin and Wallace

The average man's comment on the recent exchange between Washington and Moscow is that "when Molotov knocks at the door, Marshall flies out of the window and Wallace comes in by the tradesman's entrance." In other words, the newspaper reader has realised that what might have been the beginning of serious discussions leading at least to an agreement to disagree, has been used for a bout of political warfare, in which the Soviet Union has won on points. That Mr. Marshall committed an odd blunder in simply snubbing Molotov instead of sending a constructive reply which could easily have tested the sincerity of the Soviet desire for a settlement, is clear enough. Some, however, express relief that no discussions are to take place now, though they agree that some such discussions must sooner or

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later occur. Why they should expect a settlement to be easier after a further period of intensive rearmament is a mystery. Mr. Wallace, quick to realise the common man's disappointment, has promptly addressed a letter to Stalin, laying down the principles on which he thinks a peaceful settlement might be based. His letter is attractive because Henry Wallace is almost alone among present-day leaders in talking about the things that matter, in concentrating, that is, on the possibilities of using the resources of science for peace rather than war. He urges that if the national issues between the United States and the U.S.S.R. are settled on "a sphere of interest" basis, the "never-ending" competition between capitalism and Communism may continue without leading to war. The Wallace letter is open to the usual criticism of "Kellogg-ism" when it talks of "general reduction of armaments," and it says nothing of the peculiar difficulties of negotiating with the Soviet Union. Stalin's direct reply to Mr. Wallace, who is not President and will not become President in 1948, is clearly an act of political warfare. It is, we judge, likely to be more help than hindrance to Mr. Wallace's campaign; he is already so much smeared as a Red that a letter from Stalin will do him little harm, while an ever-larger number of people, now confirmed in the view that Mr. Wallace stands for peace, may rally to his support.

Defining E.R.P. Terms

Funds for the European Recovery Programme have not yet been authorised by the Congressional Appropriation Committees, and so Mr. Hoffman and his staff have to tread the tightrope between appearing to Congress to be throwing away American money, and appearing to Europe to be exacting onerous terms. It is in the light of this situation that statements about Mr. Hoffman's policies should be judged. He is bound to show some hostility, for instance, to the sterling area, if only because it is regarded by large numbers of Americans as a wicked device to exclude American goods, and suck away dollars into projects for bolstering up the British Empire. There is bound to be a real tussle over the problem of how far Britain is to control the ration of dollars, say, for India; but it may not be quite the crude attempt to usurp Britain's banking position of which some newspapers have been shouting. Mr. Hoffman's reply to the question whether he would give money to Britain to nationalise steel was a model of suave diplomacy; he managed to avoid the suggestion that he in any way approved of such Socialist projects, without giving any opportunity for the charge that he would interfere in British domestic policy. There are, in fact, a large number of unresolved problems between Britain and America which will have to be dealt with in the bilateral treaty which is called for under E.R.P. procedure. These include the future pound-dollar exchange rate, the question of steel for shipping, our long-term contracts with Canada and Australia for food, and, above all, our trade agreement with the U.S.S.R.

Religion in French Schools

While Paris, *en fête* over Whitsuntide, was entertaining British Royalty, an old controversial issue was arising in the National Assembly which nearly resulted in the fall of M. Schuman's Government. Under the Act nationalising the coal mines, twenty-eight former private schools in the central and southern mining areas became the property of the State. Should they be run as State establishments, without religious teaching, or leased to the Church and run as Catholic schools? On this question Ministers were sharply divided, and a Cabinet crisis was averted only by the decision of the whole Cabinet to abstain from voting in the Assembly, which decided in favour of lay State schools by 297 votes to 267. The majority was made up of Communists, Socialists and some Radical Socialists, so that for a brief moment, on this one issue, the Popular Front combination was re-formed against the Catholic M.R.P. and the Right. General de Gaulle will doubtless try to make capital out of the voting by arguing that M. Schuman is no longer master in his own house; but the stability of the Government is unlikely to be threatened by this particular combination in the more serious issues in which its existence is at stake—the measures necessary to force down prices and to balance a Budget whose precarious equilibrium is being undermined by increasing military expenditure and the cost of the war against Viet-Nam.

N.C.B. Crisis

Sir Charles Reid's resignation from the National Coal Board, following upon Mr. Shinwell's much-publicised speech about nationalisation, and followed by Mr. Newsome's resignation from his position in charge of publicity, makes fine Tory propaganda up to a point, even though Sir Charles Reid has reiterated that he is in favour of nationalisation and hopes that his resignation will not be used for party purposes. That all has not been well at the National Coal Board has been known for some time; and it has been pretty clear, since Sir Charles Reid's outburst about poor production, that the trouble goes deep. Now we have been told pretty plainly what it is all about. One aspect is centralisation: Sir Charles holds, and a good many people will be found to agree with him, that the structure built up by the N.C.B. is over-centralised, gives too little authority to the men on the spot, and fails to get the men's response because it appears to them in the guise of a distant bureaucracy making decisions in which, despite a façade of "consultation," they have no real share. Others besides Sir Charles have argued, from a somewhat different standpoint, that the present structure, resting on no clear principle in the division of general and functional responsibility, gives rise to continual friction. The Coal Board, for its part, was evidently taken aback by Sir Charles' action, and stated, rather plaintively, that it supposed itself to have done precisely what he asked, by setting up a special committee, with outside members, to report upon its organisation. Sir Charles presumably put scant hopes in this body, or, being 69 years old, preferred to go without waiting on the slow processes of reform.

Devolution and Workers' Control

There are really two distinct issues tangled up in this controversy about centralisation, which is by no means a matter affecting the coal industry alone. One is that of the authority to be given to managers, either at single pits or at groups of pits under a common co-ordinating control. Sir Charles, while recognising the need for a new grouping of pits, seems both to have wished to keep as nearly as possible to the old structure of responsible managers and of agents for groups of pits until new groupings can be properly worked out, and then to reproduce for the new groupings a structure of local management not unlike the old, leaving the Board as a policy-determining, but not a managing, body. As against this, the Board has actually built up a hierarchical structure, of which the weakness seems to be that the relations between general management, production management, and labour management at the different levels have never been properly thought out or adjusted. With the difference over these rival conceptions is mixed up the question of "workers' control." The Board seems to conceive of this as consisting mainly of discussion of policy with the Trade Unions nationally, supplemented by "consultation" with the workers at the pit head, with Regional and Area Labour Controllers, under not too clearly defined instructions, bridging the space between. But is this the right structure? It does not appear to be effective in giving the men a real sense of participation, and it undermines the working of the Miners' District Associations, which have always been the real centres of feeling and discussion.

The Programme for 1950

These disputes have, of course, no bearing on the merits of nationalisation. They are disputes about the best way of organising an industry when it has been nationalised. They will, nevertheless, until good answers are found, serve to prejudice against nationalisation, or at any rate against its extension, a good many people who have no clear ideas one way or the other. They will be freely used in the coming wordy contest about steel and it may be that nationalisation *qua* nationalisation will not be a winning card in the Election Programme of 1950. This was evidently in Mr. Morrison's mind in the speech he made on the opening day of the Labour Party Conference, though he was no doubt thinking as much of the National Health Service, the housing programme, education, and other unconsummated reforms due to the present Government or to its predecessor. It is quite true that a period of consolidation is needed for the carrying through of these measures to full achievement, as well as for the thorough digestion of the services that have been nationalised. But if the assumption is that the Labour Government, should it be returned to office for a second term, can afford to spend its time mainly in digesting what it has already swallowed, the leaders of the Party will have to think again. No such *siesta* will be open to them in face of the need for a thorough overhaul of the British economy as the sole condition on which Great Britain can hope again to become satisfactorily self-supporting.

Inquiry into Building

We welcome Mr. Key's announcement that he intends to set up a Working Party to inquire into the "organisation and efficiency" of the building industry. Much has been heard of the need for increasing the productivity of building workers by incentive systems of payment; too little attention has yet been paid to the structure of the industry itself. Out of 140,000 building firms in this country, there are, at one end of the scale, about 100 large concerns with an aggregate of 137,000 employees; at the other end, there are 130,000 concerns (including one-man firms) with fewer than eighteen employees apiece. Is this preponderance of "little men," lacking the capital for adequate plant, compatible with efficiency? That, presumably, is one of the questions which the Working Party will investigate. But there is another factor highly relevant to the problem of high building costs. The Committee under the chairmanship of Lord (Ernest) Simon which has been inquiring into the functions and profits of builders' merchants has lifted instructively one corner of the veil which covers the activities of middlemen and their semi-monopolistic trade associations in the building industry. The Committee's Report discloses a system under which there is no real price competition in the merchandising of builders' materials; for the trade as a whole a gross margin of 21 per cent. and a net margin of 6.7 per cent. of sales values is disclosed—this net profit on turnover representing a return of roughly 27 per cent. on capital employed. It is no answer for the builders' merchants to retort, as they have done, that their expenses and profits represent only a small part of the aggregate cost of housing. The salient fact which emerges from the findings of the Simon Committee is that a socially quite unjustifiable toll is levied by a ring of tightly organised merchants in the building industry for services which may once have been useful, in that they helped private builders to find the cheapest market for their supplies, but have now become largely otiose. This is a state of things not peculiar to the building industry. In the distribution both of foodstuffs and many other consumers' goods we are carrying a load of excessive costs attributable to middlemen whose functions are becoming increasingly less useful.

CRISIS IN GERMANY

Some subjects are so big and complex that British public opinion tends to give them up in despair. The most glaring example used to be India: now it is Germany. Only an astonishing degree of public indifference could have enabled the Government to avoid during the last three years a serious onslaught on its record in Germany.

This listlessness is no doubt largely due to a feeling that Mr. Bevin can do very little on his own in a matter which affects so many countries. The Government has naturally encouraged this attitude in order to avoid censure. First we were told that any failures in the Zone were due to our loyal adherence to the Potsdam agreement; and those who advocated doing anything to reverse them were accused of advocating a break with Russia. Then, when we could no longer afford to spend dollars in Germany, came the Bizonal agreement, and we were promised that it would produce an enormous improvement. The improvement was not forthcoming, and we were consoled with the thought that, now that control was shared with the Americans, the Government could hardly be blamed; in particular Mr. Bevin's pledge to nationalise the Ruhr industries could obviously not be enforced. No doubt when, after the conclusion of the London Conference, the announcement is made that a provisional German Government is to be established and the announcement is followed by a deterioration of conditions, we shall be told that this is not the fault of Mr. Bevin. After all the Germans will, by then, be managing their own affairs.

It is high time that we discarded this attitude and faced both the facts of the German crisis and the degree of British responsibility for it. Conditions in Western Germany to-day are not exclusively or even largely due to the Potsdam agreement, and they will not be automatically improved either by currency reform, or by the promulgation of an Occupation Statute, granting to a German government full sovereignty apart from specific excluded powers. These reforms are urgently necessary if a breakdown is to be avoided. But they will not by themselves prevent the breakdown.

The situation which confronts us can be summed up in a single sentence. Military Government in Bizonia has virtually ceased to function; but the conditions have not been created in which German self-government will have any real chance to succeed. You cannot wipe out the legacy of three years of drift simply by shuffling off responsibility on to a set of half-hearted German politicians.

With a curious mixture of *laissez-faire* on major issues and interference on petty details, we have permitted the revival of a social system with all the vices and none of the virtues of bourgeois capitalism. Honest profit-making has been rendered impossible and every incentive to put either industrial or agricultural production on the open market has been systematically removed. Free enterprise flourishes in Western Germany—on the black market. Since money is valueless, the incentive to honest work for honest wages has also been removed. Compensation in goods, i.e., "black wages," has become the most important part of the wage structure; with the consequence, first, that those sections of the population which cannot obtain compensation (office workers, for instance, and old people living on pensions) are starved and, secondly, the civil service has become a prey to corruption. Vast fortunes are amassed by a few factory owners and property owners while the majority live a life of grinding poverty. There has been no land reform, no decision on the future of heavy industry and no attempt to confiscate ill-gotten fortunes acquired either during or after the Hitler regime. Meanwhile, on the political level, the granting of self-government to the *Länder* has added to the economic dislocation and induced a political provincialism which has played into the hands of the most reactionary elements in the C.D.U.

While every social and political issue has been shirked or neglected, military government has carried through a portentous de-nazification by protocol. In the early stages this was driven to the extreme of absurdity in the American Zone, and tens of thousands of little Nazis were driven from their jobs. Only when the time came to penalise the big fellows was the rigour of the law relaxed. In the British Zone a somewhat less literal policy, both as regards the big and little Nazis was applied. But in both a purely negative and mechanical de-nazification, without the essential complement of a positive social policy has led to the demoralisation of the democratic forces and increasing public sympathy for the "patriotic" victims of the purge.

The root of the trouble is, of course, the ambivalent attitude to Germans of which one side was revealed in the non-fraternisation order of 1944. Are the Germans, as the French maintain, congenitally unfit to rule themselves? In that case the only sane policy was to introduce a colonial system of government. But for this we had neither the will nor the energy. Willy-nilly Britain and America swung back into the belief that a peaceful law-abiding Germany must be the aim of our occupation policy. But the earlier attitude left an indelible mark on our Administration; and no one has yet admitted to himself that, if German self-government is our aim, we must, before handing over to the Germans, create those social conditions in which democracy has a chance to grow. After all, the Germans have already voted once for totalitarianism.

It may be argued that this is not the time to discuss such issues of principle: what matters now is not politics but production. Our object this year, in this view, is to get the wheels of industry going without worrying too much about political and social problems. This is the attitude of many American experts at Frankfurt, and federalisers now freely argue that decartelisation will decrease production and federalisation effectively prevent a solution of the food problem. The Americans are in a realistic mood, and they believe that the only thing to do is to prime the pump with a dose of extreme free enterprise.

To this argument there is a simple reply: production in Germany to-day *is* a political issue. The working class have been patient and loyal in the appreciation of our difficulties, but their patience is not unlimited; if the old cartels in heavy industry are revived in the old hands, the workers will not increase production and they may well begin to believe that Communism is the only solution of their problems. So too with the problem of food distribution. The peasants are now a privileged class and agricultural *Länder* like Bavaria combine privilege with extreme reaction. There will be no restoration of confidence in the currency and no industrial revival if, under the leadership of reactionary forces in the C.D.U., the peasants and the industrialists increase the privileges and the ill-gotten gains which they have acquired since 1945. Currency reform, to be effective, must be accompanied first by a capital levy and a confiscation of Nazi fortunes, second by an Anglo-American announcement that heavy industry will be put permanently under public control, and thirdly that land reform will be carried through in those *Länder* where large estates still exist. Only if all these steps are taken by the British and the Americans *before* the provisional government is established, will democracy have a chance of surviving against the neo-Fascism of the extreme Right and the Communism of the extreme Left.

Some people manage to deceive themselves into believing that democracy means universal suffrage, and that it would be an interference with German affairs to tackle those social evils which in the past have made German democracy such a farce. But almost the opposite is true. If the social fabric of Hitler Germany—which has survived the destruction of the Nazi State and the Nazi Party and has established itself even more strongly under the C.C.G.—is finally destroyed, universal suffrage may possibly elect a democratic government. But if the social fabric remains untouched, then the provisional government will inevitably be constituted from those elements whose aim it will be to prevent any genuine democracy in Germany.

The next nine months are crucial for the future not only of Western Germany but of Western Union. If we fail in Germany, we fail in all Western Europe. French objections to a provisional government are impractical because admittedly we cannot return to any form of military government. Despite all the dangers involved, we have got to devolve real responsibility on the Germans. But this does not mean that French fears are groundless. For years to come German democracy will be weak and without much confidence: it must be given backbone by the Western Powers. The only way to meet the French objections is to announce a social policy which will strengthen the genuinely progressive elements in the C.D.U. and enable them to form an alliance with the S.P.D. against renascent militarism.

The Americans are pragmatists. They have begun to realise the danger of the Bavarian separatism, which they fostered at the end of the war, and they will not now refuse to consider public control of heavy industry provided it can be shown that it will increase production. If we know our own minds, we can persuade them that the only bulwark against Communism is a Germany free from domination by the heirs of Krupp and Thyssen.

THE SOUL OF A PARTY

"The mark of the Beast," said a voice behind us. For a moment we thought the voice was right. Perhaps it was our feelings or maybe it was the sun in our eyes. When we looked again we saw it was the respectable "606" (not "666") of the National Union of Mineworkers. The arm that held the card went down and up as other arms tugged at it from the seats nearby. Finally, it stayed aloft and Platts-Mills' speech went out as a press release and not from the rostrum.

Just outside the windows the sea continued its endless process of smoothing out the breakers it had itself created. Calmly the conference moved on to its next business. Geoffrey Bing wanted to argue the supplementary report on the Nenni Telegram, but, not a delegate, he was disallowed. Someone else shouted "Can't we speak on it?" Shinwell held out his hands expressively, "No need to speak and disturb the harmony if we are all agreed." The report on Alf. Edwards followed, and passed, without a murmur. Two M.P.s had gone with as little fuss as there would have been at an announcement of a break for tea.

All wrong, but quite right. The conference was in sober, contemplative mood. It had some thinking to do and was disinclined to provide amusement for the Tory press. Two years before an election, when times are hard and may be harder, is no occasion for fireworks. The programme for the election, production and survival, wages, prices and profits, are more important. To judge by the poor show of hands, even from the constituency parties, that Zilliacus got when he moved the reference back of the report of the International Department, it would seem that Foreign Policy, as a source of violent dispute, is also retiring into the background. That, and the comparatively small number of votes (123,000) given for Zilliacus in the ballot for the National Executive, showed that if there ever had been any attempt to form a cohesive group to agitate against Bevin, whatever the situation, it had now collapsed.

Not, of course, that the conference failed to

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enjoy the usual digs at the Executive and Ministers. It was delighted with Mikardo, when he was attacking Transport House for its attitude of slothful condescension towards the League of Youth, for depicting Morgan Phillips with a feeding-bottle in one hand and a cane in the other. It adored Harold Davies, who had an outing at the Government's expense. It was amused by Mrs. Lane urging the Government "to get out on the doorstep and stop wining and dining with the ruling classes," until she went too far and qualified for the charge, which she repeatedly repudiated in points of order the next day, of being a member of the Housewives' League.

But the conflicts between the platform and the floor were on the surface. At Margate there were serious tussles on fundamentals—the Armed Forces, Foreign Policy, privileges for key workers. There had been anger and resentment on both sides. This year they had vanished. The "masters" were almost anxious to be educated. They listened patiently to Morrison telling them to go slow and warning them that only production could pay for Socialism. They bore with Deakin's eulogy of British industry and did not demur at his welcome of the initiative that the Government had taken in stabilising wages and prices. Profits were attacked by several speakers, but that was routine and did not affect the overwhelming vote of confidence in the Chancellor.

And what did the Chancellor do? He sat quietly on the platform out of sight of most of the delegates while they talked about his policies. He laughed with the conference at Bevan's sallies and clapped him as hard as any. He smiled when Southport was recalled. He showed no emotion when he was criticised or when Deakin asked that he should speak as a delegate. The architect of the country's economic plans, and perhaps the party's chief electoral asset, brooded thoughtfully over the proceedings. His silence symbolised the shadows that hung over the conference. The gap? Marshall Aid? Would the standard of living be held? Would voluntary planning make a Socialist democracy work? How could Labour present a fresh nationalisation programme to the people before they knew what state the country was likely to be in?

With such shadows not yet clearly seen, but with the chill of them felt through the sunlight, divisions into Left and Right seemed to lose their meaning. The constituencies voted Nye Bevan top of the list; they displaced Noel Baker for Michael Foot. They did it not because either of them are particularly "Left," but because both give them heart for the struggle—Nye by his verbal taunts at the Tories, and Foot by his written ones. If they had been looking for a pure Left line they would have kept Mrs. Braddock. A contest between those who are prepared to sympathise, however slightly, with Communist methods and those who are not might have developed on the Nenni Telegram. As it was, the conference shrugged the debate off, and by implication settled it. There was no Left Wing.

What the Conference wanted was a practical approach to immediate problems and, on production, got it. No sooner had Morrison finished his brave homily that existence depended not on further squeezing of the capitalist but on the individual effort of the worker, than a delegate jumped up to demand higher output per man-hour. No one defended restrictive practices, there was much emphasis on the need to extend joint consultation in industry, some comment on the leeway to be made up in management techniques. It was a remarkable demonstration of mass responsibility in which the chairman looked as responsible as anyone else. As a reward for virtue came the brilliancy, the wit, the splendid phrases of Nye Bevan. On the involved questions of subsidies and the extension of price controls to scarce goods, the Conference was more fractious. Without any malice it firmly insisted on a *quid pro quo* for the concessions it had made in other directions. That was salutary but tiresome for the Government, even though the half of the Conference that remained inside the hall, instead of sunning itself on the promenade, manifestly did not attach the same importance to this debate as it did to those on production and wages.

By Tuesday night it was clear that Morrison and the party managers had permission to devise an election programme for next year's Conference on the lines they thought fit. Socialism must be to the fore in it, but the point is very well taken that enough of the vital middle-class voters can only be held if the policy offers them short-term advantages, as well as ultimate benefits when Socialism is in full working order. Hence the irritation of the Tory press at this useful Conference. It is providing no sensations, no splits, but an appreciation of the problems, even if it does not know all the answers. Some of Scarborough's genteel residents have reacted with horrified indignation to this Red Conference in their midst. If they had spent less time daubing silly slogans on the rocks and had listened to its deliberations, their alarm would have taken a different form. They would have seen a great Party, guided by instinctive common sense, moving steadily towards its goal—which for the moment is, frankly, a second period of office. If it fails, it will not be through lack of unity, but through world conditions over which it has little control.

WOODROW WYATT

CANTANKERY—II

LET us have another look at the Tweedles, as I have called those men of power who hold us in their grip. There is, I repeat, a common Tweedle outlook. Their political colouring may be widely different, but they all appear to be inspired by the same horrible vision of this life. They all see us slogging away in enormous factories, our heads wagging to *Music While You Work*, enjoying flavourless hash and pep talks in the canteen, eager for a message from Elmer J. Tweedle or Comrade Tweedle or Sir Westminster Tweedle, congratulating us upon producing more rubbishy goods than ever. There is a tremendous quarrel among Tweedles to decide where the profits shall go and who shall have the large car and the best private office, but it is the same nightmare world whether it is called American free enterprise or the dictatorship of the proletariat, democratic Socialism or a return to sound Tory common sense. No wonder there are glum looks and sabotage in Moscow, nervous breakdowns in Detroit, and a demand for double whiskies at any price in Manchester.

All the fuss is really about mere colouring and labels, but the hideous style of life is always the same. The enormous factory, the canteen, the radio, the propaganda, the rubbishy goods, the boredom and staleness, they will all be there. That is what is in store for us, no matter what flag has been hoisted. Arguing fiercely as we go, screaming "Nohow!" and "Contrariwise!" we plunge deeper and deeper into the world created by Tweedles and their economists and technicians and propaganda experts. One set of them is supposed to be wonderfully right and the other set to be horribly wrong. One hideous machine shop and messy canteen are in Paradise, the other shop and canteen are in Hell. One group of press, radio, film, producing fodder for robots, is bad, the other is splendid. Much is said about an iron curtain, but nothing is said about the iron world merely bisected by that curtain. That world is considered to be all right—it is now simply a question of who is to control it—yet most of us know in our wistful hearts that we do not want and have never asked for such a world.

Perhaps the trouble is that now we are compelled to share the minds and outlook of men who seek power. The sinister magic of our time has made power infinitely more powerful. Now it can change the landscape and drain the very blue out of the sky. And it may be that when we give power to the power-seekers, the narrow limits of their minds and outlook begin to shape, as well as bleach, the world in which we find ourselves. So the rich heritage of our humanity wastes away, and life shrivels and dwindles. We are all becoming the victims of these thin grey magicians. The tormenting worm of their ambition devours us. We have invented this, perfected that, and are almost within reach of the other marvel—but *who is enjoying himself?* Where are the words of wisdom, the songs of love and joy?

Perhaps there cannot be any hope for an age in which more and more power, magically heightened, is given to men who deliberately seek power. It is not merely that power itself corrupts. There is no doubt that it does, but men who accidentally achieve power could do some good before being corrupted. But men who cannot be satisfied without crude power, men who regard the pursuit and enjoyment of such power as the finest of pleasures, do not see life as the rest of us do. They appear to lack a dimension, all that depth which provides most of us with our memorable experiences, the very moments that bring us a sense of significance, nobility, and beauty. They naturally assume that significant experience must have something to do with the acquisition and exercise of power, that if we do not cry "Nohow!" with them, then we are committed to "Contrariwise!"; and so they issue severe directives, pile on the propaganda, conduct purges, and double the secret police.

They cannot understand our lack of enthusiasm. What is wrong with us? Are more films needed, more potatoes, more aspirin? There must be another inquiry about Incentives. But all this is to take the Tweedle view of this life, and, far gone though most of us may be, we still realise in our dim humble way that it is all wrong, that the man who can talk to us about incentives is fixed in his flat Looking-Glass world and is not our brother in the world with the other dimension. We pine for something that he does not know is there. We are haunted whereas he is merely busy.

Men will always march if you shout at them long enough; but how in Heaven's name do the women, who still have some sane values, endure all this poisonous rubbish? They know what real life is about, and must know too that we are all turning our backs on it and hurrying away, ready if necessary to blow everything to bits to inherit what is left of something we do not even want. Why do they not rise up one morning, from Harwich to Harbin, and run screaming to tear these Tweedles to quivering shreds? Why do they consent to bring more and more children into this lunatic desert? Within twelve months they could pull down this whole empire of Tweedlish idiocy. They have only to keep on declaring, at the top of their voices: "You are not going to fight for it. You are not going to have it even as a gift," and the game is up.

Otherwise, we may soon find ourselves fighting to preserve a world that seems to us so unpleasant that we might as well fight in it as do anything else. This is what comes of sharing the narrow minds and outlook of the power-seekers. In the dimension that is lacking in Looking-Glass Tweedlery there is plenty of room in which to move around comfortably, and nobody need keep bumping into other people. The Tweedles, however, condemned to bustle about on their flat plane, cannot help feeling that other Tweedles are desperately in the way, and so they live an anxious either/or existence. (Notice how often they use the either/or in their arguments.) Controlling as they do most of the channels of communication, with all the loud-speakers on their side, they persuade us that we too are living this kind of life. *Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!* Yet we are not altogether persuaded. A wistful doubt remains when the newspaper has been thrown aside, the radio turned off. A heartbreaking voice whispers farewell in the dusk that is not supposed to be there. We are troubled by dreams. Energy seeps away, and enthusiasm vanishes. And even while they are glaring and shouting at each other across conference tables the Tweedles are worried by the thought that ordinary stupid people, with or without Incentives, are losing interest, do not seem to care enough. It almost seems as if they need a war—or at least the threat of a war—to bring them into line again. So in the Looking-Glass Wood, it begins to darken once more. "Nohow!" and "Contrariwise!" ring louder than ever, and even if a few men—cantankerous types—raise their voices in protest, it is doubtful if they will be heard.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

A LONDON DIARY

SAILING, they tell me, was a risky pastime this Whitsun unless one wanted a swim as well, coupled with the doubtful fun of salvaging a capsized boat. Certainly tennis was something of a gamble; a lobbed ball was as likely as not to be blown back on the wrong side of the net. Cyclists, given the freedom of the road (except for the stream of motor coaches) are a hardy race who seem positively to enjoy battling with the wind, only to arrive exhausted and triumphant to drink warm beer or hot, sweet tea, with liquid ice-cream on the promenade at Hastings or Southend. Fortunately for all parties, most people prefer to be in crowds on main roads or at places with well-known names where they can say they have been. England during a holiday of gorgeous weather like this presents a strange, but happy, spectacle. If one could make a map showing the distribution of population, one would find dotted all round the coast conglomerations of uncomfortably sun-burnt people eating, drinking, bathing, sleeping, amid a constant hubbub of laughing children, screaming babies and excruciating light music from gramophones and wireless. And just out of earshot, distributed too finely even to appear on the map, one would find individuals equally happy, enjoying the smell of the hawthorn, the unimpeded landscape, the shade of the wood and the exhilaration of the view from the top of the hill.

* * *

Reports say that the hotels and lodging houses at the seaside resorts have not been filled. And one of the reasons, I suppose, that tens of thousands of people have taken day trips in coaches is that they are not able to afford to stay away for the night. Some fifteen million people in this country are now entitled to a week's holiday with pay; that does not mean that they can also meet the expense of week-ends away. After all, the family holiday is to-day an expensive affair. The young and unmarried can hike or bike on the cheap, but for a family of five to go away is likely to cost £30 or £40 for the week. Apart from railway fares, even a W.T.A. or Co-op. Guest House costs anything from £4 15s. to £6 a head, and I believe that Butlin's holiday camps charge more. It may be that there is room for a new non-profit-making holiday organisation which the Government could support by leasing more of the army camps or wartime hostels. I can see this as a flourishing and beneficent enterprise. When people complain, however, I recall that the workers of this country have never had so much money to spend or such an opportunity of spending it. After all, the best that the working-class in the past has looked forward to has been day trips at bank holidays and, for the minority, a few days of blissful extravagance at Blackpool.

* * *

To be "stabbed in the back" twice in four days is rough treatment for a Foreign Secretary, particularly when he happens to be Ernest Bevin and the stabbers are both Americans. I suspect that the wound inflicted by Mr. Marshall was not very deep. It is now believed by the Foreign Office that General Bedell Smith wrote the notorious peace overture in Moscow with his own hand and the State Department never saw the text until it was read aloud by Moscow Radio. So Mr. Marshall is acquitted. But President Truman's decision to recognise Israel without informing either the American delegate at Lake Success or the British Ambassador is a very different matter. Ernest Bevin still passionately believes (quite wrongly, I happen to think) that he had solved the Palestine problem when President Truman "dashed the cup from his lips." (This strikingly original metaphor is Mr. Bevin's own, from his speech in the House.) His contempt for the President for this performance is at least as strong as his dislike of the American Zionists, whom he has never forgiven for the demonstration which they organised against him in the City Hall of New York. Certainly Mr. Truman's handling of the affair has been, to put it mildly, unorthodox. Almost as "undiplomatic" as Molotov's in publishing Bedell Smith's message. Up to the day before Truman recognised Israel, the State Department had been threatening the Jews with the direst consequences if they proclaimed their State. First it informed them that a dollar embargo would be imposed on Israel, and then it threatened to publish a White Paper on Zionist activity in the States. Indeed, the American blackmail was so blatant that Dr. Weizmann is said to have remarked that America in ten weeks had accomplished the double cross which took Britain a good twenty-five years. It was only with the greatest heart-searching—a dollar embargo would have brought Israel to collapse in a few months—that the Jews proclaimed their State last Friday. They were just as surprised as Mr. Bevin at the President's reaction.

* * *

The explanation, I believe, is that there never has been a concerted American policy on Palestine. Ever since 1945 the White House and the State Department have been engaged in a conflict almost as deadly as that between Whitehall and the Jews. The State Department, in the person of Loy Henderson, is fanatically pro-Arab and a loyal ally of our Mr. Beeley in the Foreign Office. Mr. Truman, quite apart from the urgent electoral considerations urged on him by Mr. Hannegan, the Postmaster-General, is a naive and quite sincere pro-Zionist, but without a glimmering about the real situation. When the Administration switched from partition to trusteeship and the Jews protested, he was genuinely indignant. Though he had signed the statement himself, he did not know that he had abandoned partition and accused Loy Henderson of deliberately deceiving him. Now he has had his revenge on the State Department, and for the first time for months won the almost unanimous approval of American public opinion. Most Americans still regard Palestine as a gladiatorial show and "root" for the Jews in a sporting spirit; some in the Middle West still keep a fundamentalist conviction that the second coming of our Lord must be preceded by a Jewish State. On the Zionist issue President Truman is a representative American, and Mr. Bevin a representative Englishman.

* * *

Like most other people who have mixed in politics during the last twenty years, I knew Mrs. Dugdale not so much as the niece and brilliant biographer of Balfour, but as a zealous and strong-minded woman who passionately devoted herself to the cause of Zionism. Her entirely altruistic concentration on the National Home dated from Balfour's Declaration of 1917. Her death coincided with the strange achievement of her desires. Dr. Weizmann, happily, is still alive to become President of the State of which he is the real founder. It is an ironical victory, for Weizmann, the distinguished scientist and inventor who so readily gave his services to the British in the first world war, is a hater of violence, the most wise, moderate and statesmanlike of men. Inevitably one draws the parallel between President Weizmann and President Masaryk, another great democrat who dreamed of a new State and created it by his persistence. The peculiar irony in Weizmann's case is that Palestine has been born in a battle against the British, and Weizmann, whose British patriotism is as strong and sincere as his Zionism, conceived of Palestine as the closest of British allies, an outpost of British and Jewish culture in the Middle East. Few live to see their ambitions realised; none to realise them as they conceived them.

* * *

I was once told that in a large northern city like Chicago about 80 per cent. of the residential property is covered by restrictive covenants which prevent the owner from renting or letting his house to Negroes (or sometimes to Jews, Orientals or even Eastern Europeans). Now, after more than a dozen unsuccessful attempts to bring a case to the Supreme Court on the direct issue of the constitutionality of such covenants, the Shelley family in St. Louis have had their case heard by that august body. The legal opinion is as long and obscure as possible, but it means briefly that such agreements are legal but unenforceable at law. What this will actually mean in practice it is too early to say, but it has severely shaken one of the three pillars of segregation (the others being local zoning ordinances which are already in great disrepute with the law, and sheer illegal terrorism). This has happened at a time when there is great pressure from Negroes who came North in the war to move out of the narrow slums in which their race has been locked for so long. Property owners and estate agents will continue to try to keep Negroes out of White areas, on the ground that, if they are allowed to enter, property values will fall. In fact, this is only true for a short time, during which all the Whites sell in panic at seeing Negroes living on their street; once an area has become confirmedly "coloured," rents go shooting up again, and ten families move in where one lived before. But with the legal basis for these covenants gone, they will depend solely on the "good faith" of the occupants. This is an insecure basis, as Chicago found out early in the century when a White prostitute living in a very select area let her house to Negroes because her neighbours tried to force her out of the district. Within a few years the whole area was inhabited by Negroes.

* * *

Our assets are vanishing fast,
  Home truths are at Scarborough unpleasant;
The future we faced, but it's past,
  And now we are facing the present.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.

Paste entries on a postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Phil Rich's band played sambas and rumbas for the Princess all the evening, including her favourite, Civilisation.—*Evening Standard—Final Night.*

Phil Rich's band played sambas and rumbas for the Princess all the evening, including her favourite "Bongo, bongo, bongo."—*Evening Standard—Final Night Extra.* (Ian Reid.)

Scarborough Town Council has rejected the application of the vicar of Scarborough to hold a religious meeting in the open-air theatre in Northstead Manor Gardens on Whit-Sunday afternoon. The Archbishop of York was to have been the principal speaker. The Council feared a service might be detrimental to the takings on the Corporation's miniature railway nearby.—*Church Times.* (V. Snelling.)

"I wish he wouldn't wear his old sports jacket—it makes him look a freak," says Mrs. Omi, wife of Brighton ex-officer showman who wears a 3-inch ivory ring in his nose, 5-inch daggers in his ears, and is dyed blue all over . . .—*Daily Express.* (C. Gifford.)

Recently we had numbers of roots of polyanthus in full bloom deliberately dug up and stolen.

We do not blame the Government for this, but wonder if the culprits must be Communists or Socialists who begrudge us the very flowers in our garden.—Letter in *Evening Argus.*

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THE SPRINGS OF SOVIET DIPLOMACY

SCHOLARS once combed the Scriptures for polemical texts; now the Powers fling at each other fragments from the German archives, a more long-winded and less elegant substitute. The Americans launched the campaign with "Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939-1941" (even the title is polemical); the Russians have retaliated with documents on Munich. Since the Americans had no foreign policy before the war, it is impossible to discredit them (or the reverse); therefore, the Russian counter-blow, so far as it hits anyone (which is not much), misses them and lands on the British—a symbol of present international relations. We get the knocks intended for the Americans. When Bismarck started this type of appeal with French documents captured during the Franco-German war, there was perhaps a "world-opinion" affected by it; and the Germans were even more successful with the documents which they published between the wars. Hitler's success would hardly have been possible without the guilty conscience in England and America which the forty volumes of German documents did much to create.

This world opinion no longer exists, and each side publishes documents merely in order to bolster its own convictions. British opinion is not likely to be shaken by the discovery that when Chamberlain and Halifax negotiated with Hitler, they did so in the hope of reaching an agreement with him. The same charity is not extended to the Russians. The *Economist* headed its account of the Nazi-Soviet Documents, "When Stalin toasted Hitler." What else was he expected to do? After all, Stalin has toasted other notorious anti-Bolsheviks. Even Professor Namier, previously reticent in his judgments on Soviet policy, found in "Nazi-Soviet Relations" proof of "Stalin's war-guilt." These condemnations are based on the view that the Soviet effort at collaboration with the Germans was sincere. Other commentators have taken a smarter line and have accused the Soviet Government of cheating the Germans. The moral is clear: since they cheated in their deals with the Germans, they will cheat us, too, and therefore, I suppose (though this is not said so openly), we had better apply Hitler's remedy. Pseudo-historical speculation by journalists is not really very profitable, except to the writers; and the historical conclusions which can be drawn from "Nazi-Soviet Relations, 1939-1941," are of a more humdrum character.

Still, conclusions can be drawn. Since the Franco-Soviet pact was stillborn, the Nazi-Soviet pact of August 23, 1939, marked the first appearance of Russia as a European Great Power since the revolution. Like traditional Russian foreign policy (including the original Franco-Russian alliance), Soviet policy in 1939 aimed to keep out of Europe, not to return to it; or, more strictly, to keep Europe out of Russia. Between August, 1939, and June, 1941, Soviet policy worked for a *cordon sanitaire* in reverse. The Baltic States and the Western (Polish) Ukraine were the first stage; Finland and Bulgaria the second; the straits leading from the Baltic and Black Seas a more remote third. These latter steps were represented to the Germans as a defence against England, to the British as a defence against Germany; in reality they were both—the *cordon sanitaire* does not discriminate in the germ-carriers that it bars. Soviet statesmen claim to be far-sighted; in fact, their programme of 1939 was mostly improvised. Since 1917 they had only the experience of warding off dangers, never of making demands. In 1939 they were courted by both sides and brushed up the diplomacy of twenty years before; after all, States, like individuals, can only start again where they left off. The alliance negotiations with England and France make sense only on the assumption that the Soviet statesmen genuinely desired an alliance and discovered its impossibility (for them as much as for others) only as they came to formulate precise conditions. Similarly, the Soviet rulers had not thought out what gains they were to demand from the Nazi-Soviet pact; their full schedule was not ready until Molotov's visit to Berlin in November, 1940, and then it was too late—the Soviet insistence on control of Finland, Bulgaria and the Straits led Hitler to resolve on war. In fact, Constantinople was the stake in the war of 1941 just as much as it had been in the war of 1812. For Hitler, as for Napoleon, Constantinople was the symbol for the mastery of the world. For Molotov, as for Alexander I, the Straits were the one chink in Russia's defensive armour; in Molotov's words, "England's historic gateway for attack on the Soviet Union." The demand for Soviet garrisons at the Straits was an old-fashioned way of closing this gateway; nevertheless, it is difficult to think of any other.

Beyond the *cordon sanitaire,* Soviet statesmen thought in terms of the Balance of Power. There was sincerity in Stalin's words: "A strong Germany is the absolute requisite for peace in Europe, whence it follows that the Soviet Union is interested in the existence of a strong Germany." This is the exact counterpart of the attitude of the Western Powers, who had welcomed a strong Germany as a barrier against Bolshevism. Both sides burnt their fingers (and most of their bodies) with this policy and now hesitate to renew it; hence the present confusion of policy with regard to Germany. Still the bidding for German friendship must start soon; the only slender hope of preventing it lies in a possible German weariness with their warrior role. In 1939 Stalin counted on the French to keep Germany occupied; he told Ribbentrop "that France had an army worthy of consideration." Hence the indigation with France which Stalin still showed in 1945: he complained at Yalta that "France opened the gates to the enemy." The French defended their own gates, though inadequately; the gates which they opened to the enemy were the gates of Russia. Soviet statesmen are not likely to fall victims again to the illusion that France is a Great Power; and this lack of a Balance of Power probably accounts for their apprehensions ever since the end of the war. Those who could sit unmoved through the endless harangues of Hitler, with his visions of a new world order, will not easily be affected by American good intentions; and, short of faith in these, it is difficult to devise security except by means of the Balance of Power. Maybe a more independent British policy since the war would have lessened Soviet anxieties; on the admittedly inadequate evidence of the German documents, however, Soviet opinion wrote off British power almost as much as French.

The German documents give a reminder of one factor often overlooked: Soviet policy is as intimately concerned with the Far East as with Europe. Here, too, the Soviet aim was a Balance of Power: Japan was to keep China in order and act as a buffer against America, yet not to conquer China nor be conquered by America. This Balance, too, has collapsed, though not so disastrously as the Balance in Europe; but, unless Communist China can be transformed into an adequate buffer, the Soviet Union will, one day, have to enter the competition for Japanese favour.

It may be objected that these considerations were valid only in the period of German, and Japanese, aggression; but the Soviet leaders do not distinguish between one capitalist State and another. Indeed, they found it easier to understand the Germans than the British and French or, subsequently, the Americans; and their anger at having been taken in by Hitler has made them resolve never to be taken in again. The Marxism which underlies their long-term policy reinforces these suspicions; their day-to-day policy would be much the same whether they were Marxists or not. After all, the Soviet Minister of Transport, also a Marxist, is concerned in day-to-day practice with the specifically "Russian" problems which spring from broad-gauge railways and a great land mass; the same is true of Soviet diplomacy. It is therefore a fair general deduction that the object of Soviet policy is security, based on a ring of buffer States and a Balance of Power beyond this ring.

There is, however, one economic factor, not specifically Marxist, since it was also characteristic of Tsarist policy in the days of the Franco-Russian alliance. The deepest force in Nazi-Soviet friendship was the exchange of raw materials and foodstuffs for machine-tools. This economic bargain was the essential preliminary to a political agreement on which Molotov insisted, and the Soviet outlook is not likely to have changed. Machine-tools would buy Soviet friendship on favourable economic and political terms for a long time to come. The peace and future of the world probably depends on whether anyone has machine-tools to offer and cares to offer them.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

REVOLUTION IN PROGRESS

REVISITING Budapest after eleven years, one thinks at first how little it has changed. Cafés, cinemas, theatres are still full of arguing, gesticulating, vivacious people. Passengers still cling to the steps of crowded trams. There are the well-stocked shops in the inner city, offering their luxury goods at luxury prices. At night the neon lights invite the visitor to the numerous night-clubs. During the day there are still the beggars muttering away for charity and newsvendors shouting the latest sensations. But there are also the scars of a war Hungary did not make, merely condoned. The empty shell of the Royal Palace overlooking the city from Coronation Hill is one grim reminder of days of disgrace. Two of the fair Danube bridges still hanging limply into the river are another. There is hardly a house whose plaster is not bespattered with bullet-holes; many are still only partially inhabitable. Still, it becomes obvious even to the superficial observer that this city is gripped with the fever of reconstruction. Some 60,000 of Budapest's 76,000 damaged houses have already been repaired; there are posters everywhere exhorting the people to work harder and better: "The country is yours—build it for yourself" is the omnipotent slogan.

This spirit was entirely unknown eleven years ago. Then a small ruling clique of landlords and industrialists monopolised the government of Hungary. In his recent book, *After the Revolution,* the historian, Julius Szekfü, describes them as follows:

> Even after Stalingrad and the 1943 Russian offensive, the Hungarian ruling classes had blind faith in German victory and in an imminent Anglo-Soviet clash which would necessitate a Hitler-Churchill alliance. In the most critical period of the nation's history, these classes sought but their personal gain. They took over the enterprises, the land and the houses of Jews with a gusto reminiscent of Californian gold-lust. They rejoiced when these unfortunate victims in their hundreds of thousands were driven by the gendarmes to the border, hoping that they might never return to claim back their property. By this attitude, the Hungarian ruling classes proved that no sovereign State capable of discharging its most elementary function—that of defending the life and property of its citizens against foreign intervention—existed in the valleys of the Danube and the Tisza. And such a State had not even existed *before* the German occupation in 1944.

The circumstances in which the new Hungarian administration took office after the last German had been cleared off the soil of Hungary were acutely difficult. Budapest, defended by the Germans from house to house, lay in ruins, with more than half its houses destroyed or damaged, without electricity, gas or water-supply. No transport system was functioning in the country. Most of the rolling stock had been taken by the Germans or destroyed. Factories were laid waste, their equipment smashed or plundered. Horses and livestock had been killed or driven off. An economic paralysis gripped the country. The new Government had hardly any resources, material or human, to draw on. The country's economy had to be restored and a new civil service created, as free as possible from the taint of servility to the German overlords. At the same time, a number of overdue revolutionary social and economic reforms had to be initiated.

Since the liberation, the Hungarian Government has been a coalition of four parties—the Smallholders, National Peasants, Socialists and Communists. The aims and tactics of the coalition have undergone a number of changes; to-day it differs little from the Democratic Peoples' Fronts governing the other States of South-Eastern Europe. In 1945, however, there was little disagreement amongst the parties as to the most urgent measure to be undertaken. Two hundred big landowners with estates of over 5,000 acres possessed 15 per cent. of the country's arable land, whilst 1,200,000 dwarf holdings of under seven acres occupied actually less. Furthermore, nearly 20 per cent. of Hungary's population lived the sub-human existence of landless agricultural labourers.

Under the 1945 land reform, 650,000 landless peasants received holdings, mostly under 14 acres. The Government's first task was to provide livestock and agricultural implements for the new landowners and to educate them in up-to-date methods of agricultural production. There was a real danger of the dissatisfied masses of dwarf holders turning into a counter-revolutionary force, plunging the country into chaos and civil war. The satisfaction of their most pressing needs received, therefore, first priority in the Government's reconstruction programme.

Parties and groups (including the Church) ill-disposed towards the new régime made great political capital out of the grievances of the smallholders—old and new. Not many months after the land reform became law, rumours swept the country that the old landlords would return and reclaim their properties. This would, of course, be accompanied by the return of the Old Order. To the peasant, accustomed to landlordism for generations, this was a signal to support the political parties—or party—with the most traditional line of approach. This explains, to a large extent, the success of the conservative Smallholders Party in the 1945 elections. Indeed, in spite of the fact that the rumours had not come true, there is to-day still a lingering suspicion about that the present order may not last after all. It is hard to shed the habits of centuries.

The new rulers of the country have, however, no such habits to shed—least of all, the Communists, who are the driving power behind the country's reconstruction effort. The Three-Year Plan, which is to bring the country's industrial and agricultural output and standard of living well above the pre-war level by 1950, was first laid down, subsequently forced through Parliament and finally put into operation mainly by the energy and vision of Communist leaders, technicians and other experts. To-day, nine months after a rather slow start (owing to the drought), the Three-Year Plan is well on the way, the targets in output and investment on the whole reached or even exceeded. The transfer of the major portion of industry and banking to State ownership has been carried out smoothly.

That does not mean that all is well; especially as Hungary, poor in natural resources, including essential raw materials (such as iron ore, wool, cotton and timber), has to "make do" with as much as she can get from abroad after a series of barter-agreements with Western European countries and with what the Soviet Union and the other "peoples' democracies" can spare. Hungarian exports (mainly cotton-piece goods, maize and other agricultural goods) are still small —they ran to the value of £3 million in March, 1948.

The other main obstacle to speedy recovery is the antiquated state of farming. The authors of the Three-Year Plan fully realised this when allocating no less than 30 per cent. of the total amount of investments to the mechanisation of agriculture, the electrification of the countryside, the building of peasant dwellings and of roads, the provision of artificial fertilisers and agricultural implements, the organisation of tractor pools and agricultural colleges. Much of the scarce foreign currency available is being spent on buying livestock and breeding cattle, as well as on seeds and machinery.

In addition, a powerful drive is in progress to popularise peasant co-operatives. Great care is taken to explain to the slow-minded and suspicious Hungarian peasant that co-operative farming will not mean the end of private property, only a more economical and remunerative way of exploiting it. At present, this drive is making slow progress and thus retarding the recovery, not only of Hungary but of ill-fed Europe. The Communists are, however, optimistic. Their reforming zeal knows no bounds, and they are certain that, given peace both internally and internationally, the Three-Year Plan will be completed before the three years are out and thus set Hungary firmly on the road to prosperity. But the Communists are a minority in Hungary, just as they are nearly everywhere else. They polled only 21 per cent. of the votes in the last (1947) elections.

The question is often posed—especially in the West—why should a minority impose its programme, however sensible and beneficial for the people, on a reluctant country? Such a country cannot be considered democratic in a sense that the will of the majority prevails. This is perfectly true, and responsible Hungarian leaders, whether Communists or otherwise, make no bones about it. They maintain, however, that, having no democratic traditions nor democratic claims in the Western sense, an attempt to create such a system of government would, of necessity, end in a clerical, semi-feudal dictatorship similar to that from which Hungary emerged three years ago. One might add that, as such a government would not be acceptable to either the Soviet Union or the Hungarian Communist Party, the alternative would be a Communist dictatorship incomparably more severe and repressive than the present exuberant and pushful but still comparatively free-and-easy predominance of the Communist Party in the Coalition Government.

Many British Socialists believe that there is a "third way" in which Hungarians could organise their future. There were also Hungarian Socialists who believed that planned economy and social justice could be established in Hungary within the broad framework and in the free atmosphere of a parliamentary democracy. They also believed in the active co-operation of Socialists all throughout the world. But they were few. Anna Kethly, Ferenc Szeder, Imre Szelig and others were expelled from the Social Democrat Party before it had decided to merge with the Communists. And, in spite of the statement issued by Morgan Phillips on behalf of the British Labour Party on that occasion, they were not—as the statement alleges—supported by "the mass of democratic Socialists in Hungary." There was no political terror, there were no mass arrests —only a few hundred expulsions. The merger was endorsed by enthusiastic mass meetings and resolutions throughout the country. There was hardly a tear shed for the expelled Socialist leaders who had spent a lifetime in the service of the working class. They made a series of misjudgments for which they paid with their distinguished political careers. They were wrong in assuming that the kind of democracy which England has developed over two hundred and fifty years could be made to work in Hungary in three years. They were also wrong in estimating the motives of Western democracies urging them to resist Communist domination. They did not realise that such encouragement as came from the West was mainly motivated by a wish to score off against the Soviet Union, to keep the flame of discontent alive in Hungary, and not by a genuine desire to support social democracy and the international solidarity of peoples. Finally, they ignored the all-important fact that Hungary is situated in the Soviet sphere of influence as laid down at the Yalta Conference in 1945 by the Big Three Powers; and that in a revolution still in progress no "Third Force" is possible.

A. E. HARGRAVE

NICE-MINDEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES

A FEW miles from Fayid, the British Army's glum desert headquarters in the Canal Zone of Egypt, lies the town of Ismailia, where there is a French commercial colony. And from there the French watch with fascinated bewilderment—as well they may—the behaviour of the British to the German prisoners of war who, to a very considerable degree, run this part of the Middle East.

Armed with truncheons, the Germans guard the residence of the British Commander in Chief at night, and all the women's camps—the A.T.S. and Civilian Women's Messes. They are also trusted and useful as drivers, cooks, waiters and nursemaids to the army families' children. But it is as batmen to the civilian women whom the army employs as clerks, schoolmistresses, secretaries and so on, that they have earned the astonished interest of the French: and mine. (I have just come back from a lecture tour for the army in the Middle East.)

Only the pure of heart in the War Office could have arranged that out in the desert, where there is awfully little distraction of any kind, anyway, lusty young German prisoners, in the pink of physical health, many of them five years from any normal contact with women, should act as personal attendants to jolly young women, many of whom are very pretty, all of whom are over-fed and under-exercised. (There is practically nothing to do, in Fayid, out of working hours, except to eat lovely sticky cakes at the Officers' Club.) The Germans bring them cups of tea in bed, wandering in and out of their rooms at odd hours, collecting their shoes to be cleaned, seeing to their laundry, and scarcely dare glance at them, for fear of complaint. One complaint can set back a man's repatriation for three months, and the Germans are all desperate to get home, whatever the conditions in Germany.

None of them knows exactly when he is going home: partly it depends on a complicated points system, taking in good behaviour as well as age, family situation, length of prisoner status; mainly it depends on the supply of ships, and the men are not going home anything like as fast as they were officially told that they would.

Meanwhile, apart from football, they have only one normal alternative interest to the British girls, who consciously or unconsciously do a good deal of running-three-steps-and-looking-over-the-shoulder. (What can be more fun, when one is nineteen, than prodding lions safely behind bars? Such blond, handsome lions, too.) This is the entirely inadequate supply of filthy-looking local women of the sweeper-class; the Egyptians allow none more appetising out on the roads; and these the Germans pursue with occasionally murderous and more frequently venereal results (forfeiting repatriation points if they are caught at it).

In the Civilian Women's Mess the sleeping quarters are in long huts with cardboard-thin partition walls between the cell-like rooms: everything is audible for about two cells each way. If a prisoner responds too amiably to ordinary friendliness, he runs the risk of being reported by the women on either side of the room where he is bringing some girl's breakfast to her in bed on Sundays, as part of his recognised duty. Especially, of course, if he has not responded equally amiably to one or both of them, they not being so pretty. If he fails to respond, he can be accused of being surly, and shifted on to another job; and—human nature being what it is—the prisoners of war prize this job above all others available, although it must be a most refined form of torment. Their average age is 26.

Some of the girls lost brothers or fiances to the Germans during the war; others had no personal

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loss to influence them, and on the whole these sex-starved Afrika Corps lads are a well set up lot. One hardly needs to be in Fayid to imagine the emotional tensions that arise; but one certainly can't be in Fayid long without feeling them on all sides. As one of the Frenchmen from Ismailia put it, admiringly: "If we were doing this to our late enemies, Madame, it would be on purpose. It takes the British to achieve it from the niceness of their minds, in positions of authority."

He was particularly taken by one odd meanness on the part of the military providers, who really do the civilian women employees pretty well in other respects. No curtains but transparent gauze, to keep out the sand, are supplied in the women's sleeping quarters. These ground-floor cells have windows on both sides: in fact two walls are practically all window. The girls can, if they like, buy material out of their own money and make themselves curtains; everything else, like sheets and blankets, is supplied. The prevalent Middle East atmosphere of "Marleesch"—"what does it matter?" sees to it, naturally, that few do. Dressing and sleeping are done with a publicity rare in non-co-educational boarding schools. (Personally, I used to dress in my cupboard: not exactly from pudeur or kindness, but because after so many years of war and near-war my underclothes will hardly stand public scrutiny; too many safety pins are stuck in their own rust.)

The serious side of this matter—and the one very rarely faced on the spot—is that we are turning these prisoners of war into homosexuals. I am no expert on the subject, but after lecturing in their camps for a while I thought it was getting fairly easy to pick out the "camp tarts," so to speak, by sight among them.

There are said to be between 5,000 and 5,800 German prisoners of war still in the Middle East. Keeping these men on what is really forced labour—their earnings are tiny—so long after the end of hostilities, is not in the letter a contravention of the Geneva Convention, about which we made, rightly, a fuss whenever our enemies broke it during the war. It is technically just legal because no peace treaty has been signed with Germany, thanks to disagreement between the victors. We are within our rights in holding on to them in armistice conditions, even if these look like going on indefinitely. But it is entirely against the spirit of the Convention, and against the feeling of every intelligent and sensitive British person I spoke to out there, all of whom dislike, as wholly irrelevant, the argument of the other sort that, given the chance, the Germans would have done worse to us. The German prisoners themselves are desperately depressed. They were told officially that 2,390 would be repatriated in January this year; none were, owing to shipping troubles. In February the figure was to be 5,455: under three thousand went. Mr. Attlee's recent admission in the House of Commons that we need these men, and don't know how we shall run the Middle East without them, has shaken them badly. They feel that all our talk about not having transport for them (which, in fact, I believe is true) is just an excuse. But surely some responsible people in high places must have known our shipping position before we gave them, officially, those sadly over-optimistic figures? Now many of them believe that we intend to hold on to them indefinitely. It is time—more than time—they were all home, not only for their sake, but for ours, too; because spiritually the war would not have been worth winning if we now measure our behaviour to our enemies by their probable standard towards us.

Before I left Fayid I tried one high-ranking officer on the sexual effect of this prolonged segregation of the prisoners of war. A pebbly blue eye grew pebblier. "Don't believe it, dear lady," he said. "Play a lot of soccer. Play it damn well, too." Perish the thought, of course, that between bouts of this noble game——

I think that Frenchman was right.

E. Arnot Robertson

The Arts and Entertainment

BORIS GODUNOV

I doubt if any other city, even Moscow or Leningrad, has done so well by Mussorgsky's *Boris* as poor old London, which has now mounted, not for an isolated performance but as normal repertory pieces, both of the two "original" versions: the 1869 *Ur-Boris* before the war at Sadler's Wells, and the expanded 1874 version last week at Covent Garden: the latter in a new setting and production so overwhelmingly sumptuous and picturesque that a cynic might plausibly argue that the embellishing spirit of Rimsky-Korsakov had been banished from the orchestral pit only to find a new home on the stage. After decades of Rimsky, it is unquestionably right that the public should discover at last what Mussorgsky really said; all the same, I cannot feel sure that we have heard the last of Rimsky's version. Certainly his wholesale harmonic and rhythmical emendations seem now gratuitous and positively harmful; but what of the orchestration? Every bit as bad, say the scholars and purists; but what I should very much like to hear would be the scoring, along more or less Rimskian lines, of a Mussorgskian substance in other respects untouched. (This is most probably what we should have had if only Diaghilev's commissioning of Ravel to rescore *Boris* had not, so unfortunately, fallen through.) For all its original and felicitous touches, the total effect of Mussorgsky's instrumentation, in a large house and over a long evening, inclines towards drabness; at any rate we feel an incongruity between the magnificence of the spectacle in such episodes as the Coronation and the Polish Scenes, and the comparatively sober orchestral scheme. It was perhaps to compensate for the familiar thrill of Rimsky's orchestral bell-sounds, that the producer introduced into the Coronation Scene that dismally feeble peal of recorded bells behind the scenes.

This was one of Peter Brook's most obvious miscalculations; as a whole, his production and Georges Wahkevitch's dazzling sets and costumes provided a memorably imaginative series of stage pictures. The designs strike me as the boldest and most successful yet seen at Covent Garden outside the ballet; in fact, the influence of ballet, now paramount in the London theatre, is evident (sometimes too evident) in the production generally. Few operas can "take it" as well as *Boris*: with its wild mobs, its processions and proclamations, it is very much a producer's opera, and Peter Brook has seized his chance with both hands. Sometimes inexperience has led him astray; for example, in the arbitrary exclusion (for purely visual reasons) of the Boyars from the scene of Boris's death; or in the "hallucinatory" appearance of the mob outside the windows at the end of the Clock Scene, looking rather like an angry crowd demanding admission at closing time to the Moscow State Solar Observatory—a blunder this, not only on stylistic grounds, but because at the moment it is not the thought of Russia's hungry masses, but solely that of the murdered Tsarevitch, which fills the demented mind of Boris. On the other hand, the last episode of all, the Revolutionary Scene, with its lurching wayside crucifix and its crowds milling and scuffling against the huge cold sky, was unforgettable. There were a good many musically dim moments in the course of the evening; but at the end, an impression was left of the power and originality of this extraordinary work, a sense of history, of unconventionalised raw humanity, of the vast extent, the desolation and the tragic fate of Russia itself.

The principal agent in producing this powerful impression was the chorus, dramatically sure of itself and musically at its best, under the clear direction of Dr. Rankl; the orchestra too did well. Of the soloists, Paolo Silveri, as Boris, was unconventionally cast, but unexpectedly successful; he managed well the sudden changes of mood from assured authority to guilty desperation, and the vocal roughness which prevents his Verdi from being quite first-class seemed appropriate to a half-Tartar Tsar. Edgar Evans was an effective false Dmitri, Hubert Norville a crafty Shuisky, Constance Shacklock a Marina more seductive to eye than to ear; among the numerous smaller parts were some which fell below any reasonable minimum standard. If next season the company can improve musically by as much as it has lately advanced in the visual sphere, then the prospects may be brighter than at one time seemed probable. But it simply must recruit some better singers.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

THE THEATRE

"The Master Builder," at the Westminster
"All My Sons," at the Lyric, Hammersmith
"The Paragon," at the Fortune

If there indeed is—as there is said to be—a large new art-loving public clamouring for culture, it is to be hoped that some proportion of them will find their way to the Westminster Theatre to see that masterpiece, Ibsen's *The Master Builder*. One twentieth part of the queues who filed into the Tate Gallery recently would fill the Westminster for this three weeks' season and then we should be sure of the *John Gabriel Borkman* which Mr. Wolfit promised us on the first night if his present production gets any support. To judge from the first-night attendance, the queues have not yet adventured into Ibsen; yet I am certain that at least two in twenty of them would find this play as rewarding and exciting an experience as the Van Goghs. To be sure, this dark old Norwegian is tough eating: he requires to be chewed over and over; and perhaps the difficulty is increased by his being still between periods—still in-date enough to look queerly old-fashioned, yet not out-of-date enough to have subdued into an Old Master.

The Master-builder himself is one of Mr. Wolfit's best parts, a remarkable performance, almost remarkable enough to carry off the deficiencies of the rest of his production. But it will be time enough to re-raise the customary complaints against him when the box-office of the Westminster is besieged and the stools of the pit-queue stretch down Palace Road to Victoria. Until then one must be content to remark that the vice of inaudibility is creeping into his company. He himself is sometimes at fault and the otherwise admirable Mrs. Solness of Miss Josephine Wilson is always difficult to hear, while in the important opening of the second Act she appears to be mute.

The technical influence of the master is visible in every scene of *All My Sons,* the American success at the Lyric, Hammersmith, which won the critics' award as the best play of the year in America. Unlike the last American success, it is likely to be a success here too, to judge by that peculiarly vibrant clapping which it is a pleasure to hear once again in the theatre. *I Remember Mama* relied on sentimentality alone. *All My Sons* is heavily larded with the same fat, but it is also built on a strong central situation, the discovery by a son that his adored father wittingly allowed a hundred and twenty aeroplane engines to be delivered to the Army Air Force in a fatally faulty condition. The related situations are unfolded one by one in a series of very strong scenes; and the result is a most successful piece of "theatre," which effectively covers up the essential phoneyness. The situations, the characters and the ideas are on the level of the shiny magazines. Splendid acting chances are given and taken by Mr. Joseph Calleia as the father and Mr. Richard Leech as the son; Miss Margalo Gillmore has to convince us of another American mother, and it is in her part that the thinness of the whole conception is most evident, but that is not her fault. As for the rest, it is curious that more English actors haven't taken the trouble to acquire a convincing American accent, or that the management haven't taken the trouble to find those who have.

In very noticeable contrast to both the others, *The Paragon* is graced with an excellent all-round cast whom Mr. Norman Marshall has made the very best of. This is another father and son melodrama, this time a doting father and a worthless son. The play I feel could have done with another boiling; the situation is a good one but the character-drawing feeble. These defects here are glossed over by the excellent all-round acting, and it adds up to an entertaining evening. Mr. Walter Fitzgerald plays, in the most strikingly convincing manner, a tough Yorkshire business man who is blind, while Mr. Hugh Burden as his son supposedly dead, but turning up as a deserter with no sort of scruples, is no less excellent. The Misses Elizabeth Kentish, Nan Braunton and Rachel Kempson sustain the women's parts more than adequately; Arthur Wontner is a perfect old trout of a peer, and Mr. Anthony Marlowe, an actor I have noticed as being particularly relaxed and sincere in small roles in small theatres, here shows that he has a wider range.

T. C. WORSLEY

COURTAULD EXHIBITION AT THE TATE

THE extent to which our acquaintance with the great French impressionist and post-impressionist painters is due to the generosity of the late Samuel Courtauld may be measured at this fine exhibition. Masterpieces familiar to us at the Tate and the National Gallery turn up one after another on the walls of these three great rooms: twelve Cézannes, seven Renoirs, six Van Goghs, five Manets, eleven Seurats as well as excellent works by Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Degas, Bonnard and Vuillard. If these paintings had not long been accessible to us in London our aesthetic education in recent times would have been sadly restricted. As it is, the nation owns a magnificent representative collection: the emphasis on Cézanne, with Renoir coming second, is beyond reproach, as is Van Gogh's numerical ascendancy over Gauguin. If Van Gogh has tended of late to follow Gauguin into comparative disrepute, I do not believe it will be for long. For me, the presence everywhere of the *Sunflowers* in indifferent reproduction still fails to lessen the impact of the original, which always succeeds in seeming different again. Of course, the appreciation of works of art is a subjective affair in many respects: we can only appreciate the thing for which we have acquired not only a taste but an appetite; and appetite depends on the last meal—what we ate, and when. If Cézanne and Van Gogh were both served up, for the first time, simultaneously (as, in effect, they once were) there would be little excuse for devoting oneself to the exploration and enjoyment of the Dutchman's experience at the cost of neglecting the Provençal painter. No one could feel that the strident, intense but simple statements of Van Gogh compelled an exclusive attention, if all the subtle science and grandeur of Cézanne were still unexplored. The greater popular appeal of Van Gogh during the past forty years is beside the point: Cézanne it was who conquered the territory for the greatest painters of the present century and put them on the road to their most important discoveries. If we have at length become saturated with Cézanne, it is natural that a vision previously felt to be less potent should now recommend itself afresh; Van Gogh now stands in a different light. Impressionist recording of visual data, on one hand, and Cézannesque rendering in terms of planes, on the other, have both been exhausted long since as vital approaches. Both preclude *discovery*—the essence of creative work. But Van Gogh's use of colour is something we have still to understand: it may yield things which we have yet to explore to the limit.

As Fry has pointed out, the driving force of the impressionists—and Monet particularly—was "an almost scientific interest" in appearances. This interest also shows in Cézanne and Renoir, whose wonderful colour harmonies are still *descriptive* in an impressionist sense. But now those great masters are on the far side of Picasso, Braque, Matisse and Bonnard (Bonnard was no impressionist: his textures alone bear a relation to impressionist painting). To-day colours are used as much for their inherent qualities as for their descriptive capacity. All the contemporary masters I've just named evoke what might be called the *poetry* of the colours they use: an orange jug on a lemon-yellow table, set against a purple wall with dove-grey stripes down it—by plain juxtaposition these four colours create a reality. It is a metaphysical achievement: the observed subject suggests a treatment that transforms it. "Observation" as such was complete with the impressionists: Cézanne, Renoir and Van Gogh reintroduced poetry and made visual observation once more into a means and not an end.

PATRICK HERON

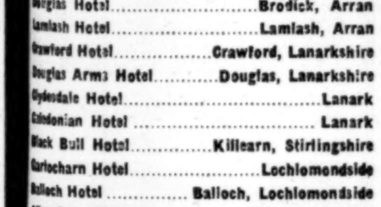
RADIO NOTES

FOR sixteen weeks *Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians* has rolled inexorably on. Did we fear at the outset that we might not stay the course? Were there moments when we sighed for the reign of Edward VII and a little frivolity? Well, last week we reached the Nineties, admirably discussed by Lord David Cecil. We have only a week or so to go till the end of the term, and one realises that one will come to it with regret. Looking back over the past weeks, one sees how worthwhile the enterprise has been; it is plain now that, without quite knowing it, we have been assisting at one of the most exciting events in broadcasting history. One sees, too, that ambitious as the project has been, it could with advantage have been even more ambitious. Designedly, the emphasis has been on the philosophers and thinkers of the nineteenth century; literary criticism, as such, has found no place in the series. But the assumptions by which an age lives find their expression in its literature no less than in its systematic thought, and there are times when, confusedly and unconsciously, its poets and novelists anticipate its thinkers. Certainly they make plain the implications of its beliefs as the theorists cannot do. Speaker after speaker has had to illustrate his points by reference to Dickens, Tennyson, George Eliot and Hardy, and one feels now that the strength of the series might well have been increased by some consideration of the Victorian poets and novelists, of the lesser men as well as the great. Think how revelatory are the novels of Charles Reade, for instance, of much Victorian opinion on the growth of trade unionism, or how Gissing illuminates the position of the unmarried woman towards the end of the period.

Then, perhaps it was a pity that *Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians* was wholly a project of the Talks Department. It happens that during the past three weeks we have heard new productions of Mr. Potter's feature programmes on Samuel Butler and on the writing of *The Origin of Species*. No attempt was made to relate either of these to the talks series. But set in juxtaposition to it, Mr. Potter's portrait of Butler, *Victorian Negative*, could have been an admirable illustration to Mr. H. L. Beale's talk on the break-up of the Victorian family. As a vehicle of information the dramatised feature programme has pretty well-defined limits; there is much that it cannot do; but there were times during the series when one would have welcomed feature-presentation not only as illustration but also a variant on the set talks. An undertaking of the magnitude and importance of *Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians* should be able to call upon all the resources of radio.

It was an excellent notion to follow up the not altogether fortunate adaptation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* with a reading of Henryson's poem on Cressida's fate. I seem to remember that in our Eng. Lit. days, when it was the fashion to arrange poets in an order of merit not unlike the Football League championship—Chaucer, perhaps, was the equivalent of Manchester United and Henryson of, say, Walsall—we were encouraged to mark down *The Testament of Cresseid* by comparison with *Troilus and Criseyde* and to sneer at it mildly as an exercise in the sentimental-pathetic. But listening to the broadcast of Mr. Lewis Spence's adaptation of the poem, one was struck not by its sentimentality so much as by a quite unexpected kinship with the work of the French naturalistic novelists; just so would Flaubert or Maupassant have pursued the wretched Cresseid and struck her down with leprosy or its nineteenth-century equivalent. The poem was most movingly read by Mr. James McKechnie.

WILLIAM SALTER



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THE MOVIES

"Bond Street," at the Warner's
"The Bride Goes Wild," at the Empire

Bond Street is the kind of film that starts off with views of traffic and shop windows, while a voice button-holes us with: "This is Bond Street, one of the most famous streets of fashion in the world. Here dowager and dustman rub shoulders, and among the orange-peel one night you will find a priceless pearl. For behind the fronts of plate glass there beat human hearts, etc." Or words to that effect. *Bond Street* chooses a tired way of beginning.

Having achieved the hackneyed approach, it then offers to weave a fiction round four Bond Street articles including a necklace and a wedding-dress. This is wet blanket number two. At once a third and even wetter blanket is tenderly wrapped round the audience by the first episode or story, which has a cocktail gown for its object and the theme that mothers love alike in Mayfair and Kentish Town. There is a certain sleek skill in this piece of high-and-low-life, which manages to bring in babies and blindness.

Feeble beginning! And yet *Bond Street* must be ranked among the better films that have come our way lately. It never quite loses that look of glossy sentiment, but at least the execution is slick, and the three other stories greatly improve on the first. A tart unwillingly harbours a murderer for the night, and the episode is well-staged and tense if not finally convincing. Then, in the next story, there is an ingenious portrayal of a spiv by Mr. Kenneth Griffith; he blackmails his wife's admirers. The last episode (the wedding-dress) brings in Mr. Roland Young and Miss Paula Valenska with some really amusing comedy which makes us wish that the whole film could have been revised so as to bring it up to the liveliness of its conclusion. Among the script-writers appears the name of Mr. Terence Rattigan.

The Bride Goes Wild is slow, sentimental, and farcical in the American manner. The drunk scene round which the plot revolves is more tedious than any drunk scene I've witnessed for a long time, and for those who enjoy such things Mr. Van Johnson displays his torso as a writer of children's stories. This is Hollywood's first release under the new agreement and a rather footling specimen. In the same programme a half-hour documentary *Voices of Malaya* (Crown Film Unit) gives a series of vivid glimpses into a new nationality emerging out of the war. There are many touches of tragedy, some beautiful backgrounds of lake and forest, and the commentary by V. S. Pritchett is fresh and arresting.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE NEVER-OPEN DOOR

The Kremlin talks were tentative
For Marshall's representative,
Mere routine conversations,
Explorations, nothing more;
But seeking cordiality,
He said without formality,
That Washington would never
Shut the ever-open door.

An envoy's phraseology
Should not require apology
(The tomb of indiscretions
Is the session's *aide-memoire*),
But the Soviet Praesidium,
Interpreting the idiom,
Said: "If he's not deceiving,
They are leaving doors ajar."

So Stalin, ever sedulous
To misinform the credulous,
From private memoranda,
Propaganda spread with zeal,
While all the uninvited States
Suspected the United States,
And charged the Secretary
With a very dirty deal.

Bipartite impropriety
Gave peacemakers anxiety,
They took as prejudicial
The initial news release,
They thought bilateral amity
An absolute calamity,
Though all would back with pleasure,
Any measure short of peace.

The guilt of prematurity
Stained State Department purity
Till statements full and candid
Killed backhanded comment harsh;
The door, though open verbally,
Was diplomat's hyperbole,
They'd not premeditated,
So they stated, a *démarche*.

Now none, except posterity,
Doubts Washington's sincerity,
The door that caused the friction
Is a fiction, they admit—
All open doors are Wallace's,
Not State Department policies,
Which bang all doors whatever
With the ever-frozen mitt.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

FORCED LABOUR IN SOVIET RUSSIA

SIR,—In his review of Dallin's *Forced Labour in Soviet Russia*, Mr. Crankshaw says that it gives a "matter-of-fact demonstration, illustrated by documented evidence," that "forced labour as an institution could not now be abolished quickly without ruining Soviet economy."

It is important, at this time of unrestrained slander of the U.S.S.R., that readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should know that Dallin's book does not contain one single piece of evidence proving anything of the kind.

It gives figures (p. 211) of work done by corrective labour camps in the Russian Federation (R.F.S.S.R.) in 1932—but does not mention that the value shown was one per cent. of the total value of industrial output in that Federation alone. It talks loosely of timber (supposedly cut by forced labour) as the "major item of Soviet export" in 1934, and of the need for its export to be "stepped up" (p. 252) in order to fulfil economic plans—without mentioning that in fact timber exports fell from 1934 to 1938 by 50 per cent. in quantity and nearly 25 per cent. in value (almost as much as total exports), and that this decline coincided nevertheless with the highly successful fulfilment of the second Five Year Plan. The book also asserts the importance in 1935 of accumulating gold for Soviet foreign trade—without mentioning that in fact Soviet foreign trade over the years 1934 to 1938 showed a huge positive balance, and therefore did not depend in the least on such accumulation. Similarly Dallin insinuates—without a shred of evidence—that a number of works under the third Five Year Plan, adopted in 1939, depended on "the vast labour camps," and even that Molotov, in his report on the Plan, indicated a number of power stations, railways, oil wells, drainage projects, etc., as having to be constructed by "forced labour" (p. 261). The full text of Molotov's speech, as the third Plan itself, is available in English in many libraries, under the title of *Land of Socialism Today and Tomorrow*. I defy Mr. Crankshaw to produce a scrap of evidence from it justifying Dallin's assertions.

Mr. Crankshaw admits that the Soviet Government never concealed its use of prisoners for corrective labour in works of public importance (I mention this because Dallin suggests the contrary, e.g., pp. 32, 253-4). But, he says, "what was needed for a proper understanding of Russia was a documented survey of its extent." This, he asserts, Dallin has provided, and pays a respectful tribute to Dallin's "analysis of

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vital statistics and Gosplan returns." Yet almost immediately he adds that "estimates of the sum total of slaves, which vary from eight to fifteen millions, are relatively unimportant."

Readers of The New Statesman and Nation should know just what kind of analysis Dallin makes, and precisely why figures which are essential "for a proper understanding of Russia" in one breath are "relatively unimportant" in the next.

The reason is that Dallin's accumulation of gossip and guesswork about alleged "slaves" in the U.S.S.R. (from 1940 onwards) ranges, not between 8 and 15 millions, but between 5 and 35 millions (pp.86-7)—a variety of "estimates" which shows their utter irresponsibility. Furthermore, Dallin suggests (p. 50) that the Soviet Government has not published regional-census statistics in order to hide embarrassing facts about the distribution of such "slaves"—and himself suppresses the fact that these statistics were published, at least for the Russian Federation (where he situates most of his "slaves"), in the 1942 edition of the State reference book of administrative divisions. Dallin further insinuates that the increase of urban population from 26.3 millions in 1926 to 55.9 millions in 1939 was due to "the expansion of labour camps" (p. 51)—concealing from his readers that 174 well-known larger towns alone, with over 50,000 inhabitants each, accounted for 17.9 millions of the increase, leaving 11.7 millions for the total rise in population of the 1,067 other registered towns of the U.S.S.R.: this is a period of rapid industrialisation. I say "concealing," because these figures can be found in the work of that same eminent demographer (Professor F. Lorimer, *The Population of the Soviet Union*, 1946, pp. 147, 250-3) from which Dallin quotes.

Mr. Crankshaw, while begging the question by references to "the Western visitor . . . driving over the bodies of dead slaves," nevertheless makes only cautious allusions to Dallin's "statistics" of alleged mortality in the camps—and for good reason.

These figures (pp. 72, 84-7, 141) suggest that (i) the total of prisoners in 1940-42 was 10-12 millions; (ii) 85-90 per cent. are able-bodied males; (iii) 30-40 per cent. die every year. Professor Lorimer estimates in the work quoted (p. 143) that the total Soviet male population aged 15-59 in 1940 numbered 46.7 millions. Thus in approximately 12 to 15 years beginning with 1940—and allowing both for natural increase and war losses—the entire able-bodied male population of the U.S.S.R. should have disappeared! Truly an invaluable "analysis of vital statistics."

Mr. Crankshaw also considers important the "long but probably far from exhaustive list of camps." Readers of The New Statesman and Nation need to know that, for the war and post-war periods, there are two lists of camps printed in Dallin's book. The first, compiled in 1940 by a group of Polish officers in Italy, is mainly based on the letterheads of camps in which they and other Polish prisoners were confined in 1939-41 (pp. 59-61, 74-83). It contains 38 place-names, many of which are identifiable in the facsimile letterheads of 1941-42 reproduced by Dallin—as those of *single* camps, directly dependent on the Ministry of the Interior. But at 1,200 inmates per camp (Dallin's figure) this would only make 45,600 prisoners. So, *without a shred of evidence, and contrary to the direct testimony of the facsimiles*, the names are made to refer, not to single camps, but to "clusters," each of 20 "regions," with each "region" composed of 10 camps—and the trick is done. The number of prisoners is multiplied by 200, and rises in the twinkling of an eye from 45,600 to over 9 millions! Very "matter-of-fact," isn't it?

Evidently Dallin realises that his "demonstration" looks fishy. At all events, for the second list of 125 camps (pp. 62-71) he prudently avoids any "documented evidence" at all, confining himself to the remark that it is compiled from "all available sources"—and this time in nearly all cases puts the name of the camp concerned in the plural. Cheap and easy: or, as the Russian saying has it, paper will stand anything.

The fact is that, in the three chief respects emphasised by Mr. Crankshaw—the role of labour camps in Soviet economy, the number of prisoners and their alleged mortality, and the number of camps themselves—Dallin's book is not only utterly worthless, but a tissue of distortions and malicious gossip, useful only to professional poisoners of international relations.

I can only mention in passing some of the other outrages against common sense with which Dallin's book abounds—the "1½ to 2 million prisoners" he allots to the Kolyma goldfield (p. 137), against the modest 240,000 *total* population assigned by Professor Lorimer (*op. cit.*, p. 166); the "300,000 prisoners" who allegedly built the Baltic-White Sea Canal (p. 213), against the 100,000 indicated by the official report which Dallin himself quotes (*Kanal Imeni Stalina*, 1934, pp. 116, 362); the alleged "contingents of forced labour" raised since 1930 from the collective farms (p. 196)—in reality, the voluntary contracts between the collective farms and State-owned industry to supply labour, under normal trade union conditions, described fully in the standard textbook of Collective Farm Law (1939, pp. 290-2); the gross distortion of evidence as to alleged horrors in timber camps, published by a consulting engineer, J. F. Stewart, in the *Manchester Guardian* of February 10th, 1931 (p. 230); and many others, not to speak of the extravaganza on Soviet history which Mr. Crankshaw summarises in the first half of his article.

Mr. Dallin was already denouncing the Soviet Government 27 years ago, for using the methods of "Arakcheyev tyranny" i.e., of militarised forced labour, in the columns of his Menshevik emligré organ in Berlin (*Sotzialisticheski Vestnik*, October, 1921). His new book is only a rehash of old slander, with "documentation" which will not bear any real investigation. That Mr. Crankshaw should fall a victim to it is not surprising, after his anti-Soviet writings of recent years—and when Prime Ministers and Archbishops join unashamed in the vast slander campaign against the first country where the workers and peasants have built Socialism, in the teeth of great difficulties. It is not the Soviet people they are injuring, however, but the interests of Great Britain.

Andrew Rothstein

Sir,—The first paragraph of the article on "Forced Labour in Russia" in your issue of May 15th is misleading. The writer starts by remarking that in 1914 there were 30,000 Russians doing "katorga" sentences (penal servitude), and goes on to say that the horrors of katorga were described by Dostoievsky. The words wrongly imply that the description given by Dostoievsky was applicable to the conditions of imprisonment in Russia (and Siberia) in 1914. It should be remarked that Dostoievsky published the account of his imprisonment in 1860.

Apologists for Soviet Russia often pretend that Russians have never known anything else than barbaric cruelty. The régime of 20th-century Czarist Russia was far from liberal, but it was not barbarically cruel. The horrors of the Soviet forced labour camps cannot be explained away by the pretence that they are a hangover from Dostoievsky's time.

The Mill, Kidlington,
Near Oxford.

John R. Baker

AGRICULTURAL POLICY

Sir,—In "Wanted—An Agricultural Policy," Mr. Bateson quotes Professor A. W. Ashby as saying that in agriculture the performance per man per year is two per cent. less to-day than it was in 1937-39, and the performance per man-hour is only 3 per cent. higher than in 1937-39, although farmers are now using much more machinery. As a practical farmer I am well aware of the decreased performance per man per year. I believe this is mainly due to higher wages and the fact that the farm worker must pay income tax on his overtime earnings. With well-filled pockets

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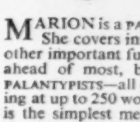

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the farm worker has no need to put in the long hours which were worked by his father; and who is going to work overtime when most of the money thus earned goes to the tax collector, or so it seems to the worker?

Why mechanisation has not greatly increased the performance per man-hour is a problem, if this is what the statistics really show. I have not seen these statistics in full, so I would like to know whether they apply to individual years—1947 compared with 1937—or whether they are averages taken over several years. The year 1947 was a year of abnormal drought, at any rate in the Eastern Counties, and crop yields were very low. No amount of machinery, short of wholesale artificial irrigation, will make up for lack of rain. Again, does the word "performance" refer to output per man of agricultural produce, or of work done? A man with a tractor can plough five times as much land as a man with a horse, and his work output is thus five times as great, but if a year of low yield is compared with a year of high yield the ratio of produce per man may be very much less. Statistics can be very misleading, and I would like to know a lot more about Professor Ashby's figures before I accepted the conclusion that "the average English farmer and farm worker are actually getting less done in the year."

To Mr. Bateson's question: "What exactly is the function of the food-producer in the modern State?" I would suggest the obvious answer: to produce food. To suggest that the State must eventually do the actual farming is a way of saying that the State must employ farmers as Civil Servants to farm the land. Whether the farmer would farm as well if he were a salaried Civil Servant, as he does when he is dependent on his skill for his livelihood is an important question. As a Civil Servant he would certainly be freed from a great deal of anxiety and worry, but would he produce as much food? That is the fundamental question. ROGER NORTH

Rougham Hall, Rougham, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

[Mr. Bateson writes: "The figures refer to work-performance, not to output, and are based on the labour requirements of the current crop-acreages and numbers of livestock assuming average yields. Details will be found in the Proceedings of the Agricultural Economics Society, March, 1948. The *economic* function of the domestic food-producer, surely, is to produce those foods only that it would be more expensive to import."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

SOUTH AFRICA'S ELECTION

SIR,—I am obliged to Mr. Clark for correcting my slip in saying that Hertzog formed the Afrikaner Party. The point is pedantic: the Party was formed with Hertzog's blessing by his followers, of whom the chief was N. C. Havenga.

As to the rest of Mr. Clark's remarks, I shall reply to them *seriatim* but, in Sir George Sitwell's phrase, "you mustn't think I consider them worth it."

(1) Mr. Clark's interpretation (which is *not* "generally" held) of Jan Hofmeyr's switch to Mines—that it allows him to do "general political work"—is itself a recognition of Mines as a "secondary portfolio." Nor is there anything "inconceivable" in my suggestion that the switch was to placate Rand businessmen, although it might be to anyone not familiar with Rand opinion. What, above all else, the Randlords want of the Government is taxation relief. The man at the head of Finance can help to make or break them; usually the man at the head of Mines can have at worst a nuisance value, and in fact major issues (e.g., the recent wage claims) invariably attract the personal intervention of the Premier. By this particular manœuvre Smuts has, I suspect, aimed at meeting the demands of Rand businessmen (including the considerable body of voters in commerce) without losing face.

A short article reviewing a political scene of some complexity to the reader abroad had to be carefully fact-selective: I deliberately did not name Hofmeyr's secondary portfolio in order to avoid explaining the falsity of the obvious conclusion Mr. Clark draws. No more than Mr. Clark can I peer into the *Oubaas'* mind, but what Prime Minister would make a change as important as this within six months of the end of parliament's life, merely to let a Minister do "general political work"? The timing of the switch and the otherwise quite unnecessary formal nomination of Hofmeyr as Deputy Premier (he has been so in fact to everyone's knowledge ever since Smuts' first war-time absence from the Union) suggest exactly what I said. I never suggested Hofmeyr has lost status. What he has lost is his former power to exacerbate Rand businessmen.

(3) My article made clear that the Party line-up is dictated by conflicting views on the native question. It should, therefore, be obvious to most readers how Malan and Stallard come to be bed-fellows. The effect on the S.A. Party was not, within the confines of my space, of sufficient importance to merit comment, particularly as the real effect will only be seen on polling day (when the Party is fielding eleven candidates).

(4) The number of English-speaking South Africans in the "Nat." fold is a matter for opinion. "Many" itself admits of argument: one would be one more than you'd normally expect to find. The point is whether there are enough—actual or vacillating—to influence Malan's election tactics. The Stallard group, the Cadman group, the Labour splinter-off, and ex-Servicemen and others sufficiently fed up with their post-war lot to turn their vote against Smuts (of whom there are enough to justify appeals in the pro-Smuts Rand press)—all these suggest enough English-speaking South Africans to have pushed the usual brand of inter-White racialism into the background, to have confined Malan's anti-immigration speeches to the House of Assembly, and to have put a damper on republican propaganda. Mr. Clark's theory about the last—that most of Malan's supporters are afraid of republicanism—suggests either a whimsical sense of humour or a knowledge of the *platteland* confined to views from a (nationalised) carriage window.

(5) My article did not attempt an investigation into the motives behind the "Nats.'" Socialist measures. We have been told that the republic which will arise when Bantu, Asiatic, Cape Coloured, Jew and Imperialist have been brought to heel will be "Christian Socialist." What that means Mr. Clark had better sort out for himself. CHARLES BOKKIE

ITALIAN COLONIES

SIR,—May I please be permitted to be shocked by your statement that "barracks are being hastily erected in Cyrenaica and Libya, the only territory from which the re-occupation of Egypt—essential in any war—can be speedily carried out"? In the first place, this is exactly the intention with which the Italians have credited us—to seize their colonies for purposes of imperial aggression. In the second place, is it realistic to suppose that Britain will ever again be in a position to re-occupy Egypt in the event of war? In the third place, do you mean to imply that the Italian colonies—failing the "grandiose plans" for Kenya and the Sudan—will be held by us *in perpetuo*, a thing which we can no more afford to do than we can afford to run them as well as the Italians did? LIONEL FIELDEN

Le Tavernule, Antella, Firenze.

SWISS HOLIDAYS

SIR,—It is reasonable enough that a limit should be placed on the amount of Swiss currency available to tourists. However, the small tourist, who had visions of a £10-£15 holiday (perfectly possible) now finds that travel agencies have cornered the market, and that the only way to go to Switzerland is on a fixed tour, which is about as enterprising as going to a cinema, and far less economical. Was this the purpose of the restrictions? A. J. BENSON

Christ Church, Oxford.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The gay cover, with elephants romping on a field of crushed strawberry, suggests quite other delights. "Ah," says the baitable novel-reader cruising up, "a parfait, a sundae of a book!" Nibble, nibble. Then, "Salambo! Who's she, now? Flaubert's Salambo!* Something to do with Wilde's Salome, I expect—sister or cousin. Let's have a look." (She is, as it happens, the great-grandmother.) "'The gorgeous and terrible picture of African splendour, passion and pagan rites is painted in bold colours of gold and blood, crimson and purple.' Um. Not bad. Probably they're filming it. Yes, George Sand—wasn't she the little lady in trousers?—says: 'One of the most beautiful books ever written since books were written at all.' Sainsbury's choice, 'a novel that grows on one strangely'—and their salami is pretty good, too. Starts with an orgy. Black market, what! Slaves, elephants, pools of wine, sacred cups, incense, eunuchs. *Niggers.* Fried dormice! Well! Not enough about Salambo, though, I'd say. . . . How much? Ten and sixpence! Oh."

This is the first serious jolt which either makes your fish, fascinated, gobble quick or sends him darting off along easier shallows. For elsewhere, irresistibly, there will be *The Flesh of the Orchid*,† Mr. James Hadley Chase's new masterpiece; new after all, with grunts we can all understand. A bullet for every belly, and *his* heroine won't get off without raping. She's an eye-gouger, this time, with red hair you can scent across the Atlantic. No nonsense about style, either: the characters have it. Look at Carol. She's going to be worth six million, now she's got out of that looney-bin, and can she scratch eyes out! Ask all the boys who've taken to dark spectacles. She bites, too, but that's only in fun. And Max, he drives a Packard Clipper. They all come alike to him, man or woman, young or old. Sometimes he just shoots 'em, sometimes it's drowning or garrotting, and then off in that Packard Clipper. Sometimes he likes to tease 'em first. Yes, you can't help liking Max.

When Max lays his hands on Carol you expect big things: you'll be disappointed. Only screams from an upstairs room, as he slugs her a few, no eyes lost, and a minute later he's off on a job, while she escapes from the locked room as only Carol can. Three pages later she's on the highway, being raped by a lorry-driver. Why, she hardly notices. Sweet Carol, so innocent, so homicidal, no wonder they can't resist her. She has a way with mastiffs, too.

> Carol caught her breath as she saw this black monster rushing towards her. There was nothing she could do. It was like being in a nightmare, the sun beating on her back, her shadow, long and thin, pointing at the dog like a weapon.
>
> When the dog saw her it slowed to a menacing walk, its muzzle only a few inches from the ground, its tail stiff, in line with its back and head. Carol scarcely breathed. She fixed the dog with her eyes and was as still as if she had been carved out of stone.
>
> The dog slowed its pace, snarled at her: its great fangs as white as orange pith under its black lip. Then its hair stiffened all along its thin, hard back, and it stopped, crouched, uncertain whether to spring or not . . . .
>
> For a full minute they continued to stare at each other, then the dog's tail gradually lost its stiffness, like a ship striking its flag, its nerve broke and with a low howl it turned and bolted back down the narrow road, and with a sob of relief Carol turned and fled in the opposite direction.

Mr. James Hadley Chase, you will notice, owever deft in the delineation of tortures, as only naïve pretensions as a writer. His prose atches the endearing guggle of sink-water, and e is as likely to blub over bearded ladies from irs as he is to invent garrotting poles with djustable wire nooses. She, the bearded Miss olly, had eyes which "must surely have been the saddest eyes in the world"; "two tears swam out of her eyes, dripped into the muddy water"; and in that silky beard of hers there was not one white hair.

Who enjoys this drivel? A reader who doesn't may well ask. The answer is, almost everyone. Half a million people, according to the publisher, have bought copies of *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, so that its circulation must run into millions. Six other novels by Mr. Chase are advertised, with such titles like *I'll Get You for This* and *The Dead Stay Dumb*, and there is also a Mr. Gerald Butler whose *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* can boast a modest two hundred and fifty thousand. His brutalities, unlike Mr. Chase's, are (it is claimed) "native to the soil of Britain." And no doubt on the same level there are others. World War One, under the aegis of propaganda, overplayed the newspaper atrocity story; World War Two, by underplaying it, may have given the impetus to a whole "literature" of torture. It celebrates the individual crime, the private pleasure. It says, not that in wartime one's enemies are barbarous, but that life is so tame and disgusting, only the barbarous can deserve or hope to enjoy it. Do Mr. Chase's heroes and heroines all die by violence? But then they have lived! They have murdered and been murdered. No other aspiration or standard of values seems discoverable in *The Flesh of the Orchid*. Mr. Chase doesn't argue, he takes for granted. If he chooses to fasten his dream-wishes on Chicago, that is because Chicago is a long way off and because American writers (far better writers than he) have established the legend. Where they fascinate and chill, he muzzily excites. His fantasies, it appears, are widely shared. This is the tribute, in the popular imagination, that Democracy pays to the totalitarian countries where violence is State-subsidised. There was no need for a gangster legend in Rome or Berlin. The dream had come true.

How far stories such as Mr. Chase's provide the incitement to action, private or political, and how far a comparatively harmless substitute for it, is a question I shall not attempt to decide. That they do both seems pretty plain; perhaps, as with most appeals of the kind, they educate the corrupt few, while vaguely accommodating a streak in the many. For we all have it, this streak of cruelty, whether we like it or not, and whether we satisfy it crudely with Mr. Chase or in more subtle, interrelating terms. Possibly it is even an encouraging fact that Miss Blandish should come so conspicuously into the daylight as to shoulder Salambo in the bookshops. The more open the better. Censor Miss Blandish (as the recent uproar over a very milk-and-watery film would seem to demand) and she will only retire to the rubber-shops and candle-lit stalls after dark, with a reputation much enhanced. The only way of dealing with cruelty (perhaps the most insistent problem of our time) is to admit and come to terms with it. We shan't do that by censoring, incriminating, and bottling up others. The station bookstalls give everyone the chance—though few may take it—of preferring Flaubert, Dostoevsky, and Mauriac, Simenon and Graham Greene, to Mr. Chase.

Salambo—to return at last to the pink wrapper with the elephants—is perhaps the cruellest book of a writer who calmly explored his streak of cruelty. It is the enormous advantage of literature over slop-writing that it enables us at the same time to experience more vividly and to view our experience with detachment. *Salambo* has its fill, perhaps more than its fill, of atrocity: crucifixions, bloody battles, sacrifices, starvation, and torture shock as they are intended to shock. But that is only one taste, one colour among many, and the vision of an old civilisation (civilised, indeed, by comparison with the barbaric world of Mr. Chase!) requires our understanding of horrors without our complicity. The fascination of the book, as indeed of all Flaubert's books, is this double sense of being very acutely there and yet of seeing things from a hilltop. Amazing how from a cluster of ruins, the most meagre records, Flaubert should have been able to create this "probability" of a vanished Carthage (he claimed no more), with a richness of detail that few novelists can derive from the present. The cities and landscapes, the crowds, the sieges and forced marches continue to haunt us long after we have forgotten the story. Here at least is a mirage which can be encountered with all five senses, and our idea of Carthage is to-day as much coloured by *Salambo* as classical Rome has been by Gibbon; more so, in fact, because there is no alternative portrait to Flaubert's. Its faults are inherent. The novel (no wonder) begins slowly; the characters never get free of their trappings; an atmosphere of doom and corruption, remarkable in itself, weighs monotonously through the long chapters. If some books intoxicate, this one crams, replenishes, stupefies the reader. Such criticisms are familiar and old as the book itself. Let me, however, on the occasion of a new edition, add a few topical comments. (The translation by Powys Mathers, though by no means perfect, is the best in English.)

The question, then, of Flaubert's cruelty. His more extreme critics—including some who ought to know better—have attacked Flaubert as a monster of perversity whose fantastic imaginings have no place outside the case-book. The criticism reflects seriously on the critic. Read any chapter of *Salambo* with the scrutiny, the composure which the narrative itself instils, and the charge must seem idiotic; set any page beside a page of Mr. Chase, the differentiation will jump to the eye. One is the act of surgery, the other the disease. Cruelty forms an essential part of *Salambo*, sinking as it does a knife of insight into the past; through it and through the evocation of landscape Flaubert brings his extraordinary picture to life. Physical suffering is a thing we are always ready to notice in *another* people, *another* age; rarely in our own. Flaubert details his more gruesome scenes with calm skill—they are indeed memorable—and there is no doubt that their execution gave him pleasure. Call that, if you like, sadism. But if so, we are all in some way sadists, and it behoves us to find the better ways like Flaubert and not the worse like Himmler. The whole point about the horrific passages in *Salambo*—which I don't, by the way, wish to exaggerate—is that they contemplate, and by contemplation diminish, atrocity; they aren't themselves the atrocity. The distinction may seem obvious, but it needs emphasising to-day.

Returning to *Salambo* after twenty years I find its outline clear, its colours undimmed, but the engineering more than a trifle rigid. This was the fault in the concluding scenes of *Madame Bovary*, and it dominates here like a principle. Too much grandeur, and too little free impulse; so, as one turns from a finished Constable to the sketches that precede it, one seeks here the refreshment of Flaubert's personality. His correspondence revives and consoles. Like all his major works, *Salambo* represents a big slice out of a lifetime. He researches enormously; he exults in his escape from the modern world and bellows his difficulties; he is free from a jealous mistress; to one correspondent he enjoins retirement, to another (a lady unhappily religious) the study of Montaigne; there are visits to Paris, evenings among friends; *Les Fleurs du Mal* appears and, like *Madame Bovary*, is prosecuted; he makes a journey of several months to Africa; his niece marries; there's a heat wave—in the mountain pass of which he is writing; every day he rises at noon and works till three in the morning; the Seine flows by his window and the seasons change; five years have passed. To share, in Flaubert's letters, this passionate but troubled emancipation is an experience deeper, perhaps, than any we shall encounter in *Salambo*. From time to time, as in the lives of the saints, comes the heart-rending plea. *On ne saura jamais ce qu'il a fallu être triste pour entreprendre ressusciter Carthage!* . . .

And how sad must be Mr. Chase, whose hilarity over pain feeds the appetites of millions!

G. W. Stonier

Salambo. By Gustave Flaubert. Trans. by E. owys Mathers. *Pushkin Press*. 10s. 6d.

The Flesh of the Orchid. By James Hadley hase. *Jarrolds*. 9s. 6d.

REFUTATION OF NATURALISM

The Definition of Good. By A. C. Ewing. *Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.*

Dr. Ewing's practical purpose is to "stem the tide of subjectivism and naturalism in ethics," since, as he says, "the development of such beliefs seems to me bound to weaken seriously the sense of moral obligation by taking away any rational basis for ethics." Subjectivism may be relevantly defined as the view that such judgments as 'This is good,' 'This ought to be done' "are merely judgments about one's own psychological state or dispositions." Naturalist theories agree in regarding such statements as meaning no more than that I, or most men now living, or who have ever lived, or who constitute the governing class in a society entertain a particular kind of feeling in regard to 'This.' Both views reduce ethics to "a branch of an empirical science," since to discover whether an experience is good or an action is right, all we have to do is to engage in introspection in order to discover what our attitude to it is; or, alternatively, to conduct a statistical inquiry to ascertain whether the attitude of most men is one of approval or the reverse.

With the object of refuting these views, Dr. Ewing undertakes an inquiry into the meaning of the word 'good.' He distinguishes ten different senses of the word with a view to discovering whether there are any of them such that it is possible for a judgment to the effect that 'This is good' to be not *merely* about feeling but about "something to which the feeling points . . . . . which cannot adequately be described in terms merely of the man's own psychology." Dr. Ewing's elaborate and, as I think, convincing refutation issues broadly in the conclusions first, that if subjectivism and naturalism are true, then the only way in which we can cast doubt on an ethical judgment, as for example, 'That Hitler was good and acted rightly' is to show "that the person who made the judgment has made a mistake about his own feeling," and, secondly, that it is no "more rational, right and fitting to pursue the good than the bad," a conclusion which destroys ethics altogether.

Dr. Ewing's own theory of good contains certain novel features, in particular, two. It is customary to derive the notion of 'ought' from that of 'good.' 'Good,' that is to say, is taken to be an ultimate, by many an indefinable, concept, which, because it is ultimate, we *ought* to promote or pursue. Dr. Ewing takes the notion of 'ought' as ultimate and derives 'good' from it, 'good' being, for him, that for which we ought to feel approval, 'approval' being a generic word indicating a favourable attitude of any kind, as for example, "choice, desire, liking, pursuit, admiration." Secondly, the 'ought' invoked is not that of moral obligation, but is the 'ought' of 'fittingness.' To say of something that it is 'good,' is to say that "it is fitting, other things being equal, to bring it into existence." 'Fittingness' thus becomes the fundamental notion of ethics. If we ask what is meant by the notion, Dr. Ewing would say that it is indefinable, but that everybody knows what is meant by saying that "it is more appropriate or fitting to feel disgust than pleasure at cruelty . . . . to desire reconciliation than revenge . . . to feel aesthetic emotions on contemplating great works of art than not to do so." This concedes part of the naturalist and subjectivist contention that 'good' can be analysed in terms of psychological factors, but supplements the analysis by including the notion of 'ought' which subjectivism omits.

It also explains how it is that children learn the meanings of 'good' and 'bad' by noticing and imitating the emotional attitudes of others—a point on which subjectivism rightly lays stress—without drawing the subjectivist conclusion. If 'good' means that for which we *ought* to feel approval, it is reasonable to expect that people should often experience feelings of approval towards it; people, in other words, often feel and act as it is 'fitting' that they should. Hence, in order that he may discover what is 'fitting,' a child will be encouraged to take up certain emotional attitudes towards certain kinds of action. But that does not mean, as the subjectivist contends, that 'good' can be *defined* in terms of emotional attitude.

The fact that 'good' can be used in so many different senses has commonly been urged as an objection to the view that the word stands for a unique and indefinable concept. Dr. Ewing's theory ingeniously disposes of this objection by attributing the variety of senses to the variety of favourable attitudes, desire, approbation, admiration and so on, which, on his view, we *ought* to feel for what is good.

The question arises whether it is possible to base a satisfactory theory of ethics on the notion of 'fittingness,' rather than upon that of "moral obligation." Dr. Ewing himself feels the force of this objection and confesses that he is "not fully satisfied with the proposed analysis of moral obligation in terms of fittingness."

He defends himself by pointing out that the notion of 'fitting' applies to ends as well as means—it is often 'fitting' to desire or aim at something for its own sake because we feel that it ought to exist—and by insisting that I can only feel morally obliged to perform an action if I first believe that the action is 'fitting.' I doubt if there is much force in this argument. It might just as well be urged that one of the things we mean by saying that a course of action is 'fitting' is that we are conscious of a moral obligation to perform it.

Although there can be two opinions about Dr. Ewing's own theory, there can be only one about the value of his work as an essay in philosophical dissection. He is extremely subtle in the matter of making distinctions and pointing out differences which others have ignored, and he is thus enabled to disclose fallacies which they have committed and *non-sequiturs* which they have falsely thought to follow. And, if it be argued that the matters at issue are of academic import only and that the conclusion of such a close-knit pattern of argument cannot possibly have any effect upon anybody, I should answer that, in spite of the prevalence of subjectivist, naturalist and psycho-analytical modes of thought, it is nevertheless true: (a) that you can sometimes convince people's reasons by argument; (b) that the conviction of their reasons will at least sometimes be reflected in their actions; and (c) that the conclusion that there is a rational basis for ethics and that the notions 'ought' 'good' and 'right' have an objective meaning is more likely to have a beneficial effect upon their actions than the contrary conclusion that they are merely rationalisations of our wishes and desires.

C. E. M. Joad

THE HEIRESS OF REDCLYFFE

Victorian Best-Seller. By Margaret Mare and Alicia C. Percival. *Harrap. 15s.*

Her portraits show her, innocently pretty at twenty; earnest, unworldly, diffident in her thirties; at seventy-five portly, more assured, perhaps, but still the good churchwoman, Miss Yonge of Otterbourne, the disciplined Victorian gentlewoman such as imagination creates for us. Can this really be the best-selling author of nearly a hundred books, of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which affected so profoundly undergraduates, Guardsmen, Crimean officers, foreign royalties and Mr. Rossetti? The explanation, both of her success and of her limitations, lies with two people. Her father, by keeping her too long a child without childhood's privileges, made her the recorder of that youthful day dream, the large, parentless family. Keble, her "master and inspirer," caused her to be the interpreter of Tractarianism in the mid-Victorian household, her novels joining, on Anglican shelves, *The Christian Year* and the works of Scott.

Her father, whom she admired so passionately, was also a victim of his time. On his marriage the young lieutenant, who had fought at Waterloo, left the army to satisfy his wife's mother and settled down in her home in the Hampshire village of Otterbourne. He was then twenty-seven, serious, intense, irascible. The education of Charlotte, the only child for seven years, provided a necessary outlet for the energies of the parents, particularly as Mrs. Bargus (Charlotte's grandmother) kept to herself all the housekeeping duties. At the age of five, her programme of lessons was formidable. At seven she was promoted to teaching the Sunday scripture classes, and disgraced herself by having favourites. After thirteen, friendship with her boy cousins was no longer allowed. In her twenties she was still having a daily mathematics lesson with her father before breakfast, he, perhaps, still growing "hot and loud" as in early years, at any sign of inattention. In middle life, when her parents were dead, her childhood at last came to an end, but not her habit of subjection. "I have no hesitation," she asserted, "in declaring my full belief in the inferiority of woman, nor that she brought it upon herself." She had never been allowed to visit the villagers' cottages alone; she could not now bring herself to do so. She continued to be a staunch member of the Tory party, though this involved allegiance to the questionable Mr. Disraeli instead of the good churchman Mr. Gladstone.

What is more horrifying is her submission as a writer. There was a solemn family conclave before she was permitted to have a book published (a condition was, that the money should go to charity). Every evening she would present the day's writing for her parents' criticism and correction. Keble, too, would look over it carefully for "coarseness," offering ingenious euphemisms for words like *coxcomb*, or making such observations as: "It occurred to me whether, when the ladies quote Greek, they had better not say they have heard their fathers and brothers say things." And then, she had to be saved from vainglory. On Mr. Yonge's death, her mother wrote, "My thankfulness increases that Charlotte's guide was spared to her till the dangers from a first success were over. . . . If there is a danger, we have Mr. Keble."

In her time Charlotte Yonge deserved her success. She had the story-teller's gift; her characters had life (she had the large family of Moberlys and other "delightful Tractarian households" in the neighbourhood to serve as models); her visual imagination and devotion to detail made her settings extraordinarily real. An early habit of recording conversations from memory gave her facility in many kinds of non-intimate dialogue. The appeal of the family saga, her particular contribution to the novel, is easy to understand. (It has been remarked that her characters and her readers were almost identical.) Yet there are reasons why she does not pass outside the boundaries of her own lifetime. The drama of her novels too often turns on a point of theology. (She gives, by the way, as the reason for learning music: "it is the readiest means by which a lady can assist in Divine Service.") She had not the lucky instinct for presenting what she had not experienced—and her reading and her experience were restricted. She had little humour; she judged her own characters, and was, indeed, monstrously unfair to her women. "Self-denial is always best, and in a doubtful case the most disagreeable is always the safest" was her philosophy. She could not have treated a St. John Rivers in the cavalierly manner of Miss Brontë. She did not find it shocking (as we should) when Dr. Moberly, himself father of fifteen children, made her promise that she would never let Ethel May of *The Daisy Chain* marry, or Dr. May die. Nor do we share to-day the Victorian taste for pointless self-sacrifice—bad enough in real life, insufferable in literature.

The authors of this study have not attempted—it would not be easy—to add to the material of previous biographies. (One more comprehensive than this appeared within the last few years.) They have, however, enlarged in light-hearted fashion on a promising subject, the reflection of manners, customs and settings in Miss Yonge's writings. As her first book was published in 1848 and her last in 1901 she is, as Miss Mare and Miss Percival show, a useful if limited guide to such matters as the lives of the village poor, their education (so often run by free-lance ladies and their well-mannered but hardly literate retired servants), the houses and households of squire and parson, tastes, occupations, conventions, clothes (who could forget Ethel May's "white muslin, made high, black silk mantle and brown hat"?) and the elegant profession of invalidism. There are some surprises—Miss Yonge's attitude to sport, for example. In *Hopes and Fears*, two girls who go on a poaching fishing expedition meet retribution only because they are unchaperoned. It seems hardly possible that this writer, whose mode of thinking was so bound up with the trivialities of convention, was born within a few years of George Eliot and the Brontës. (Both Charlottes, painted by Richmond in much the same pose, hang in the National Portrait Gallery.) It is more fitting that she outlived by only two months a contemporary whom in late life she more nearly resembled—Queen Victoria.

NAOMI LEWIS

IMPERIAL RULE

Colonial Policy and Practice. A Comparative Study of Burma and Netherlands India. By J. S. FURNIVALL. *Cambridge University Press.* 36*s.*

I am not sure whether Mr. Furnivall would go so far as to say that imperial rule could never succeed, but his study of British and Dutch administration adds up to a powerful argument against colonial government, whether of the indirect type adopted by the Dutch in Indonesia or of the direct method practised by the British in India and Burma. He speaks with the authority of his long experience: no British Civil Servant has ever won more respect and affection than Mr. Furnivall still possesses in free Burma. He says that:

> If we value peace rather than security we shall aim at making dependencies capable as soon as possible of independence, not on altruistic grounds or as a grudging concession to nationalist agitation, but on our own initiative and in our own interest as a condition of world welfare . . . [If we do so] we may preserve those established connections between Europe and the Tropics which have come into existence through the temporary incapacity of tropical rulers and peoples to accept the conditions of modern civilisation.

The story of discontent and collapse in the Pacific suggests a "common cause of some defect in colonial relations." The European Powers which, in pursuit of trade, founded empires in the Pacific and imposed law and order of their own type had a common belief in "reason, impersonal law and individual rights." The conquered people of Asia, on the other hand, had a common tradition of "personal authority and customary obligations." The results of imperial rule were therefore not happy in either case, but comparing the two examples, Mr. Furnivall concludes that the Dutch were wiser than the British. They tried to conserve and adapt the indigenous principles of custom and authority. The effect of the British system of direct rule "was that the popular self-government of Burmese times was replaced by a foreign legal system unable to control the anti-social forces which it liberated, and favouring the decay rather than the growth of local autonomy."

It is true that Burma's wealth was developed by British traders, but Mr. Furnivall does not accept the theory which equates economic progress with the mere increase of wealth, and he argues, on the basis of a detailed analysis of Burma's economy, that British rule has led to the decay of social life with many incidental evils, including a great increase in crime and corruption. Further, because Burma's wealth was developed in the interest of foreign shareholders, any local industry which did not provide a quick and adequate dividend was discouraged, however culturally or socially valuable it might be. It would be reasonable to expect that a national Burmese Government would now develop those industries such as weaving and lacquer ware which are traditional, still popular in many localities, and entwined in the imaginative life of the people. Again, because it was cheaper and quicker to use foreign technicians, young Burmans were given little chance or incentive to acquire technical skill. "In short," says Mr. Furnivall, "British rule only opened up Burma to the world and not the world to Burma."

Dutch rule in Indonesia followed different patterns, but it was always based on indirect rule. Administratively this meant that there were two separate services, one European and one Indonesian, each with its own function. The Dutch always recognised the importance of the village community, and whether it was during the "culture period," when the village cultivation was encouraged for the benefit of the State, or during the "liberal period," when it was adapted to the needs of the planters, or during the "ethical period," when it was regarded as the centre of welfare according to Western ideas, the village was left to manage its own affairs. There was therefore far less disintegration in Java than in Burma. At the same time the Dutch introduced modern ideas, building good scientific and literary libraries and providing—for the chosen few—an educational system of excellent quality. An increasing number of Indonesians have been educated and trained in social hygiene.

The defect of the Dutch system was political; resolutely paternal, it did nothing to satisfy growing national feeling. Mr. Furnivall (whose generalisations about Indonesia are based on knowledge of Java rather than of Sumatra or other islands in the Archipelago) recalls that once when visiting villages in Java he found himself humming a tune. Its significance at length dawned upon him. The words of the hymn were: "Can a mother's tender care Cease towards the child she bare? Yes, she may forgetful be, Yet will I remember thee." The Dutch, in short, behaved politically like Dutch uncles, and developed the East Indies to a point where their own economy depended on their colonial empire. The British made Burma a colonial country with a colonial economy. Neither system could prevent the historical development of nationalism. When, as the result of the Pacific war, this nationalism took charge in both countries, the British Government recognised this fact and withdrew on the basis of a Treaty of Independence. The Dutch, on the other hand, met a similar situation in Indonesia by making imperialist war.

The second half of Mr. Furnivall's very able treatise on Colonial rule surveys the problems of

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government, the concepts of welfare, and the conditions of re-integration applicable to any colonial country. Independence he considers as an essential condition of world welfare. This book should be made compulsory study for every aspirant to colonial service; he will not find a better analysis of the problems which are inevitable between the ruler and the ruled, and, although it is true that colonial policy has advanced, Mr. Furnivall can point to many avoidable pitfalls which administrators must still encounter as long as there are colonies to administer.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

A SINOPHILE

Memoirs of an Aesthete. By HAROLD ACTON. *Methuen.* 21s.

Well off, precocious, cosmopolitan, devoted to the arts, and—it appears—not averse from the alcove, Mr. Acton cannot hope to be forgiven by the enemies of pleasure. Moreover, he plays into their hands: his memoirs are disfigured by pimples of malice hard to excuse in one who has been so fortunate. A critic of his first novel said that the author was a born novelist who seemed inclined to rely too much upon his natural gifts. His new book suggests similarly that he is a born writer of memoirs who will not or cannot put his gift to full use. Aged forty-three or so, he has had a highly enjoyable life, and has had the good sense to enjoy it. He has known the most rewarding countries, the most remarkable persons; he is responsive to beauty in most of its forms and to personal idiosyncrasies; he is decidedly a wit. Yet his book often disappoints by dwindling into a frivolity reminiscent of the gossip-column. He does not bother to discriminate between the important and the trivial.

Perhaps so enviably wholehearted an aesthete cannot face the drudgery of writing as a professional. I do not mean merely that Mr. Acton rises superior to syntax and orthography. The book abounds in such airy phrases as "Far from being among the crammer's favourites, our dislike was mutual and intense." When he complains of Boeotians, he ranks himself with them by misspelling the word. (No, not a misprint, it occurs three times on one page.) And what is the good of being an aesthete if you don't notice that the Leonardesque beauty of the word "sibylline" depends upon the right placing of the *y*? Such trifling errors seem to be only the outcrop of a deeper negligence. Except in his account of China Mr. Acton does less than justice to his emotions: he skates over experiences instead of plumbing them. "Glissez, n'appuyez pas" is the best advice for the conversationalist, the worst for the writer of confessions.

Anyone known to be engaged in autobiography can terrorise all but the most foolhardy critics; and I fear that I have now earned some home-truths about myself in Mr. Acton's next volume. Nor is it in any hope of softening him that I proceed to commend the virtues of his book. Usually, authors notice only one's reservations: any praise is taken for granted as their obvious due.

A virtuoso in conversation, Mr. Acton has a sharp ear for the performance of other talkers. Those who have never had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Brian Howard, for instance, can catch here a notion of his pyrotechnics, so wayward, so personal, so spontaneous even when they seem most affected. Robert Byron, again, is excellently rendered; and here is George Moore: "In every street and in every square I would like to raise a statue to Marie Stopes. She is a great and good woman, though she cannot write prose which is worthy of her subject."

It is, however, in the later part of his book that Mr. Acton gets into what, in a heartier writer, one would call his stride. He went to live in China and found there his spiritual home. An established taste for the arts of China deepened into love of the Chinese people and the insight that can come from love. He lectured on English literature in the university of Pekin, and describes his pupils with enthusiastic affection. One is left feeling that he ought to return to the East, "imiter le Chinois au coeur limpide et fin," and thus become the needed interpreter of that consummate civilisation.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE WORKER

Labour, Life and Poverty. By F. ZWEIG *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

"It is impossible," dust-jackets used to say, "not to be thrilled by Edgar Wallace"; it is impossible to read Professor Zweig's book without interest and pleasure. It starts thought running in a great many directions. Let me put several carts before Professor Zweig's horse, by indicating some of these. First, it would be valuable to men inside the Labour Movement, who are planning future policies and election publicity. It would be valuable to any candidate in a working-class constituency, whether Labour, Conservative, or Liberal; he would learn from it how not to talk. For in Professor Zweig's pages the manual worker is presented as he is, neither sentimentally nor with the economist's misleading detachment; the emergent picture is both authentic and comprehensive. Secondly, it would be valuable to those technicians of human behaviour, the "Social Scientists," who believe that problems of groups can be "treated" by an approach partly psychological, partly economic and cultural. Hints of a psychological orientation appear from time to time in Professor Zweig's own words, as when, after commenting on the strength of "forces tending towards disintegration, disruption, and decay in personal, family, and social life," he concludes that society must "deliberately strengthen the constructive life-giving forces, and weaken the disintegrating forces": a conclusion justified by his first-hand exposures of the dangerous effects of personal maladjustment, more widespread than suspected. Thirdly, his book leaves behind it a certain envious regret. For it is one which an Englishman ought to have written, yet possibly no Englishman could have written, without being either sentimental or self-conscious, or both. In the class-conscious days before the war, a great many well-intentioned people did their best to adopt the standpoint, which Professor Zweig has here attained. Many words were poured forth, of so-called social reportage, many half-crowns thrown onto the plinth in Trafalgar Square. Alas! the words have stood neither the test of Time nor any other test; nor could anyone now say where the half-crowns are.

A Polish economist, Professor Zweig was asked in 1946 by Mr. B. Seebohm Rowntree (to whom credit) to undertake an inquiry into "Spending Habits and Poverty." In fact, he has done both more and less than he was asked. For his inquiry, although it deals in statistics, is not a statistical compilation, and he himself warns against the danger of using it as such. His researches were not based on scientifically representative sampling. Instead, Professor Zweig went, like any reporter, into pubs, parks, greyhound-stadiums, and other public places over a wide area of working-class London, and entered into friendly conversations, with rather more than four hundred manual workers, of every grade from foreman to general labourer, as well as vagrants and Old Age Pensioners. Essentially, this book is the harvest of his conversations. With the reporter's method goes something of its indiscriminateness. Facts rush together, with the lifelike inconsequence of good documentary. Nevertheless, the dis-

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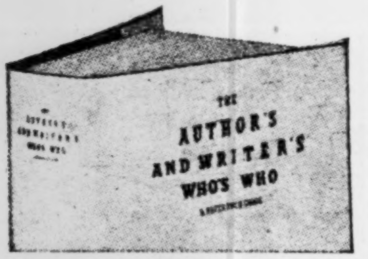

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MACDONALD

criminating reader will not find it difficult to separate in his own mind the different types of contribution to our understanding, which Professor Zweig makes.

First, habits: he has set down the relative importance, in terms of expenditure, of drinking, smoking, betting, Pools, cinemas, girl-friends, and every other amusement. Secondly, views: he gives views of workers on jobs, money, saving, security, education, the middle-class, freedom, recreation, religion, human needs, and the purpose of life. Thirdly, his own comments: he comments on the unsettling effects of variability of income, loneliness, maladjustment, the pressure of friends and of tradition, on the workers' "ear for authenticity and truth," on the "spiritual void" which drives them into pleasure-spending, and on the starved but imperious need for a purpose able "to warm the heart and excite the imagination."

It is interesting to learn that expenditure on cigarettes and beer (which may account for 50 per cent. of a £4 or £6 weekly wage) comes highest, closely followed by betting on Dogs, and that sex is at the bottom, indeed almost nowhere. "Pintage" capacity—four at midday, ten to twelve on a normal evening—is astounding. But Professor Zweig is at his Herodotean best when drawing the wider psychological outlines. The portrait which he creates is not merely intelligible, it breathes; and what it chiefly breathes is reasonableness. Admitting that much must change before they become "bookish," these workers consider that cinemas and newspapers ought already to be powerful educative forces, and are not deceived by their painful failure.

> It is difficult [Professor Zweig writes] to convey their strong interest in education, however frequently it is coupled with a sense of grievance and social injustice in this respect. They would often say: "Unless every lad has the same chance in education, it is a farce to speak of democracy."

We are hearing just now a great deal about democracy, a great deal also about freedom, a great deal about the defence of individual rights. Freedom, Professor Zweig points out, is to the worker synonymous with "recreation": the time during which he is his own master. Nor does he think in terms of rights, but in terms of needs; the needy ought to be helped. This again is not to him a question of individual saving. The prejudice against long-term saving (regarded as greedy, mad, or futile) is repeatedly stressed. Fundamentally this prejudice derives from the view (intelligible to every student of the last hundred years of English social history) that the individual by himself cannot do much. His strength is collective; his security the result of "collective arrangements," not of individual push; this latter even immoral, since it may threaten others.

These and similar opinions, woven into the fabric of working-class character, build up, it is clear, to a rather different conception of priority needs in a democratic society, from that to which we have grown accustomed. It is Professor Zweig's achievement to have made this inarticulate voice—the voice of millions—speak. He has drilled a wide hole through the Iron Curtain, which separates us from our own nearest neighbours.

GILES ROMILLY

ROUND THE WORLD

Sailing Alone Around the World. By CAPTAIN JOSHUA SLOCUM. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In his introduction to this classic of sailing Arthur Ransome has done the reviewer's work for him. For he has told us the salient facts of Slocum's life, and hinted at the quality of the book so skilfully that it would be almost impossible not to "read on from here." This is a remarkable book on any count and Slocum a very remarkable man. "As for myself, the wonderful sea charmed me from the first." "The work of the lunarian, though seldom practised in these days of chronometers is beautifully edifying, and there is nothing in the realm of navigation that lifts one's heart up more in adoration." Would not Melville have loved to read this book? The adventures of the Slocum family are told in the Voyage of the Liberdade, for the first time published in England, but it is the lonely circumnavigation which remains the more enthralling. His prose is pliable and vivid and he takes no silly risks with it, as befits a professional sailor in another element. The discipline of the sea and its salty merciless vitality have wrought upon his writing:—I suppose this is one of the best of books written by a man who never set out to be a writer.

Slocum was indeed a great builder. He rebuilt the *Spray* himself from a hulk into a boat of infallible seaworthiness; he built the *Liberdade* actually on the deck of the *Aquidneck*—and sailed her home when the *Aquidneck* was wrecked. He built wherever he was; steamers, fishing boats, canoes, huts, jetties, and they were all first rate and perdurable. Coming of farming stock, in Nova Scotia, he soon ran off to sea and was a sailor all his life. He and the *Spray* were lost in 1909 when he was 65—cut down, it may be, at night by a steamer. It is interesting to realise that he did not set out on his world-voyage until the age of 51.

Recently in *The Times* was reported the loss of the *Islander*, wrecked in the New Hebrides on her third circumnavigation. Her master, Harry Pigeon, also an American and a farmer, suddenly conceived at 50 a passionate desire to visit the South Seas. He bought books, taught himself navigation and boat-building, built his boat, and after one trial trip set sail. He is now I think 78.

I mention him with Slocum for they are men of the same fibre—men who have made for themselves a rich kind of life which moves in time with the ancient elements of wind and water. The symbol of the lone self-reliant navigator in his self-built ship is one to ponder; particularly now when mechanical means can take one's voice round the world in a fifth of a second, and one's body in a matter of hours. What occurs to the spirit? Men like Gerbault, Slocum or Pigeon seem to remain integrated, and as it were in proportion. Against "the murderous innocence of the sea" Slocum brought to bear a practical human innocence which is difficult to achieve by land. (I have found some prisoners of war who have achieved it.) The problem of the individual in this world-communicable world is persistently oppressive: to read this book is a salutary and constructive experience. It has been described as a perfect boy's book, and no doubt boys will get great superficial delight from its adventures. How much more there is to get is perhaps a test of the adultness of the reader. "To face the elements is, to be sure, no light matter when the sea is in its grandest mood. You must then know the sea, and know that you know it, and not forget that it was made to be sailed over."

PATRIC DICKINSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 953

Set by Sycorax

The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines from the soliloquy which the statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square may be imagined to be delivering as he turns his eye to the Odeon theatre where the film version of *Hamlet* is showing. The line "O this offence is Rank, it smells to Heaven" is barred. Entries by June 1.

Conway Memorial Lecture 1948

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PEN-IN-HAND BOOKS

17th May 1948

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This book is by the author of CERTIFIED and THAT WHICH IS CAESAR'S, in which he described his certification and confinement in a Mental Asylum for over a year. It puts forward a possible cause of insanity.

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24th May 1948

NATIONAL INSURANCE AND SOCIAL SERVICE FOR EVERYMAN

by E. R. GIBBS, *A.L.A.A., A.S.C.*

This book presents in a concise and simply written style the provisions of all three National Insurance and National Health Acts of 1946. It is addressed to every person affected by the new scheme and will be as invaluable to the Personnel Manager of the large factory as to the small shopkeeper and employee.

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St. Michael's Street, OXFORD

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 950

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a 200-word extract from a *Times* obituary notice of the Devil.

Report by Naomi Lewis

A large and excellent entry made the judge's task infernally difficult. Cautious respect was, wisely, the note; information abounded. The Deceased was "founder of the great International Travel Bureau, 'Easy Progress Inc.'" and owner of "the finest collection of historic quill pens in Europe" (F. C. C., who, alas, overran the word-limit); author of "Between Me and the Deep Blue Sea" and "I Take the Hindmost" (Robert C. Knott); gave fork-luncheons (John Digby); initiated P.I.P.E. (Pleasure Immediately Payment Eternally) (Garden Boy); died of holy-water poisoning (D. R. Peddy). G.H.B. spoke of his delightfully informal parties "only a few of us wearing 'tails'" and of his . . . "early days as a mill-owner." "His disciples will carry on the bad work" (Michael Watts). But there was no lack of friends (or fiends) to supply more intimate material. It was generally agreed that he would leave his work in safe hands. Near-winners were Little Billee, D. R. Peddy, E. M. Hibbert, Charles E. Connor, Ted Ryan, Pelf, I. Swann, Michael Watts, Garden Boy. R. Hemmington is particularly commended. One guinea is awarded to each of the following: D. R. Barclay, E. B. Abbotts, Stanley Sharpless, Cicely Craven, L. E. J.

The death has been reported of His Serene Highness, Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, very suddenly at his home near Cayenne.

In spite of the researches of his many eminent biographers the age of His Serene Highness was uncertain, but he is known to have been connected with practically every sphere of human activity over a long period, and his loss will be keenly felt. "Old Nick," as he was known to his friends, possessed to a remarkable degree the aptitude not only of multiple interests but of sharing two sides of the same question at once; the human race in general profited by his activities, and the vacuum created by his demise will be hard to fill, particularly in theological circles where riots have already been reported from the Vatican City and other religious centres. Financial interests too numerous to mention have likewise been affected, as may be witnessed by the unusual spectacle of the public "keening" on the Stock Exchanges of London, Paris and New York which took place yesterday.

One who knew him well writes: "Though his actions were not always for the general good, nobody could have done more for the sacred rights of enlightened self-interest." D. R. Barclay

It is with profound regret that we announce the death, on Friday, at his home in Orcos, of that most democratic of Monarchs, Nicholas Beelzebub Lucifer, known affectionately throughout the Universe as "Old Nick."

The eldest son of Morning, he was born in Heaven and educated at the College of Cherubim, taking a Master's Degree in Political Science. He first achieved fame as leader of an unsuccessful "Oppositionist" movement which aimed, by "coup d'état," at overthrowing the existent government. Banished to the Infernal Regions, a territory previously unexplored by reason of its intemperate climate, he soon popularised both his new Kingdom and the Satanic way of life, which was based on complete absence of controls.

International trade in souls brought him notoriety and, travelling incognito under the name Mammon, he was later elected an honorary member of the Stock Exchange. His realistic approach to the unemployment problem is perpetuated in the slogan "The Devil finds work for Idle Hands."

As founder of the irreligious Order of Lost Souls, he is worshipped by countless millions. A special Black Mass will be held on the Brocken on April 30th—St. Walpurgis' Night. E. B. Abbotts

The death of H.R.H. The Prince of Darkness, who has been missing for some time, is now officially presumed, announced the Archbishop of Canterbury last night.

Only the older members of this generation will even recognize the name (writes our eschatological correspondent). Yet it was once a name to conjure with. Little is known of the Prince's early years He became estranged from his family after leading an abortive *putsch*, which resulted in his expulsion from the kingdom. Then he formed an underground movement, but despite notable successes at Eden and elsewhere was predestined to failure in his efforts to recapture power.

Devil-may-care by temperament, he was nevertheless a profound student of human nature. In politics, where his genius found full scope for expression there were few who failed to give him his due. His party programme was tempting; he always succeeded in finding work for idle hands; and he induced millions of fellow travellers to sin on the dotted line. Recently he became interested in atomic research, and said after Nagasaki, "I couldn't have done better myself." It is hard to realise he is gone. His inspiration and example will long be with us.

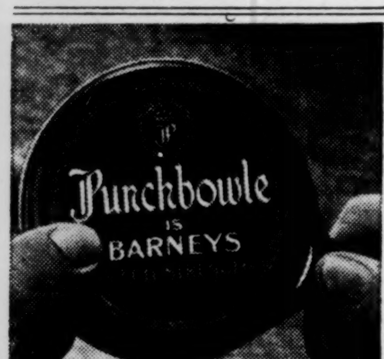
Stanley J. Sharpless

. . . fulfilled the promise of youth. Independence of judgment and power of leadership brought young Lucifer into conflict with the University authorities and ended in his being sent down from Heavenford at the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. Though only 20, he founded the first Flying Corps (The Devil's Own) of which he was Air Vice-Marshal until he was incapacitated for active service by a crash landing which caused a permanent injury to his foot. "Wings" were surrendered for the study of theology and to this we owe his classic work "The Origin of Evil," rich in historical and biblical knowledge as in philosophy, which has an assured place in Hellican literature.

Shortly after his ordination, the University of Netherpit conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Depravity, in recognition of his profound scholarship. Learned, courtly, single-minded, Dr. Lucifer was marked for preferment and his career was meteoric. As Archbishop of Sinchester, he was a great administrator and preacher. Eschewing self-deception, he would tolerate neither loose talk about the chief end of man nor easy optimism about his destiny.

The Hellican Church and the House of Lords will be the poorer, lacking his forthright eloquence and daemonic personality. Cicely Craven

A Fiend writes: May a fiend of many years standing add a word to your admirable obituary of Satan? You rightly emphasised that he was a supreme Champion, never beaten at his own game save once, in old age, by that pair of erratic geniuses, the late A. Hitler and J. Goebbels. (And even then he was still taking the hindmost as crisply as ever.) But it is of "Mephisto" the imp, not the Champion, I want to speak. He had a wonderful way with children and animals. He loved to visit the nursery, as every Nanny knows, and entered wholeheartedly into the minds and pursuits of even the youngest. Animals, from puppies to mules, became different creatures in his hands. He revelled in childish games with collar-studs and string, and had a trick with an ordinary hotel chest of drawers which was unbelievable until seen. He was considerate to old people: "Say your prayers in bed" he urged them, for warmth was one of his fads. Strenuous himself (his motto was "Somebody tempted, something done") he was tolerant of idleness in others. It is a melancholy thought that one must now lay aside our Long Spoons never to be used again. L. E. J.



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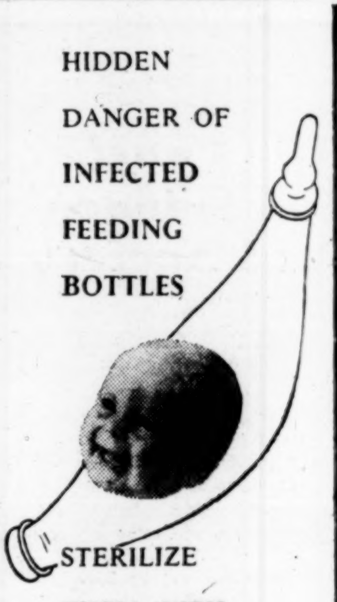

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIV. of Liverpool. The Council of the University invites applics. for post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies, at salary of £1,000, rising by £25 p.a. to £1,200. Initial salary will be fixed according to qualifics. and exp. Child Allowances also paid. Applics., stating age, academic qualifics. and exp. (incl. Adult Education exp.), with names of three refs., should be received by Sat., June 12, 1948, by Stanley Dumbell, Registrar, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applics. invited for post of Senior Lecturer in English Language and Literature for Sept., 1948. Good degree and experience essential. Revised scale of salaries for training colleges. Further particulars from the Secretary.

CITY of Leeds. Children's Officer. Applics. are invited from suitably qualified persons, either male or female, for the above appointment. Incl. sal. scale £850 by increments of £50 to £1,000 p.a. The duties broadly will comprise those contemplated by the Children Bill and will necessitate exp. in dealing with children deprived of a normal home life, including children in Homes, Institutions and boarded-out. Appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical exam. Applics. endorsed "Children's Officer," stating age, qualifics. and exp. and accompanied by copies of 3 recent testimonials, to reach me by May 31. There is no printed applic. form or list of duties. Canvassing in any form, either directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification. O. A. Radley, Town Clerk, Civic Hall, Leeds, 1.

CITY of Leeds. Welfare Services Officer. Applics. are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above appointment. Incl. sal. scale £700 by 2 increments of £50 to £800 p.a. The officer appointed will be responsible for the duties contemplated by the National Assistance Bill in relation to the provision by local authorities of residential accom. for aged persons and of reception centres, etc., and such other duties as the Council may from time to time determine. The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applics. endorsed "Welfare Services Officer," stating age, qualifics. and exp., and accompanied by copies of 3 recent testimonials, should reach me by May 31. There is no printed applic. form or list of duties. Canvassing in any form, either directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification. O. A. Radley, Town Clerk, Civic Hall, Leeds, 1.

NATIONAL Institute of Industrial Psychology has a number of vacancies for field research workers and research assistants to take part in Government sponsored investigations into human problems of industry. Sals. range between £500 and £1,000 p.a. Most suitable candidates will be graduates having one or more of the following qualifics.: training in psychology or sociology; operational or other research exp.; industrial exp. as operative, T.U. official, production or personnel executive. Further partics. on applic. to Secretary, N.I.I.P., Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

ELECTRICAL Engineer, A.M.I.E.E., reqd. by British Commercial Concern for South Indian Branch. Age 28-32 and single. Some mechanical exp. advantage, but general electrical exp. primarily reqd., including knowl. of power installations, transmission, transformers, switchgear, dynamos, motors, starters and other industrial equipment. Commencing remuneration of the order of £1,000 p.a. according to qualifics. Initial agreement 4 years followed by 6 months' home leave on full pay. Good prospects. Free passages, initial outfit allowance, medical exp., local leave, provident fund & pension scheme. Box No. H.36, Foster Turner & Everetts, Ltd., 11 Old Jewry, E.C.2.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Programme Assistant (Poetry Editor), Drama Dept. Duties involve selecting and suggesting general ideas for poetry programmes; maintaining contacts both with poets and readers; reading scripts of new poems submitted, and general responsibility to Head of Drama for all aspects of the poetry output of Drama Dept. Taste, sensitivity, knowledge of poetry essential, and some production exp. desirable. Sal. in a grade rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marked "Poetry Editor, N. Stm.," by May 29. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

CITY of Nottingham Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from men and women for posts of (a) Music Adviser, (b) Drama Adviser. Professional qualifics. and exp. are essential. Training and exp. as a teacher an additional qualification. Salary for each post will be at rate of £710 p.a. Further partics. and applic. forms may be obtained from F. Stephenson, Director of Education, Education Office, South Parade, Nottingham, to whom completed applics. must be returned by June 5.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. in mental health services for hospitals situated in Greater London Area. Exp. essential. Candidates pref. should hold Mental Health Cert. of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific., and will be reqd. to co-operate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Salary scale (qualified staff) £370-£530 a year comm. sal. accdg. to exp.). Apply to Medical Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (902.)

Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Applics. are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Drama (Grade III). Sal. range £400 to £600 p.a. Applics. with the names of 3 refs. or with not more than 3 recent testimonials, should reach undersigned by May 29. Further partics. obtained on application. Winifred Shapland, Secretary and Registrar, University of Bristol, Bristol, 8.

L.C.C. Social Worker. Woman Assistant to Local Organiser reqd. for work under the Mental Deficiencies Acts, especially visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. Candidates should be under 40 years of age and have good standard of education and exp. of social work and visiting. Diploma or degree in social science with knowl. of typewriting and clerical work desirable. Sal. £375, rising to £500 p.a. For applic. form, returnable by June 2, send s.a. foolscap e. to Medical Officer of Health (M.D/A), Public Health Dept. (Mental Health Services), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (1149.)

CLINICAL Psychologist wanted for the Johannesburg Child Guidance Clinic. Successful applicant should have at least an M.A. degree in Psychology, and should have had exp. in diagnostic testing and play therapy. Min. salary £600 p.a., plus c.o.l. £46 16s. Applics. should reach Chairman, Child Guidance Clinic, 121 Juta St., Wanderers View, Johannesburg, by June 20, 1948. Applicants should state when they are likely to be able to assume duty.

A LARGE Valve Manufacturers (S.W. London) require Graduates in Physics or Electrical Engineering as Assistants in Cathode Ray Tube Development. Must have had some exp. of design or manufacture of cathode ray tubes or similar articles. Should be capable of working in this field under direction. Salary £500 plus, according to age, exp., and qualifics. Reply to Box NS 584, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2, quoting ref. C/246.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer in History. Candidates should have special qualifics. in Medieval History with an interest in Economic History. Sal. £450 p.a. with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Duties to commence Sept. 29. Applics. to be sent by May 31, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics. obtainable.

SUDAN Government. Director of Education invites applics. for following posts: (1) Mistresses for the Girls' Training College, (2) Mistresses for Girls' Intermediate Schools. Candidates for (1) will be reqd. to train elementary school teachers in the Girls' Training College, Omdurman. Candidates for (2) will be reqd. to act as Assistant Mistresses in Girls' Intermediate Schools in the Northern Sudan. A University degree or its equiv. is essential. Candidates should have qualifics. in Maths, Science, Domestic Sci., Fine Art or Froebel Training. Teaching Diploma and exp. desirable. Pref. given to candidates aged between 25/35. Appointment will be on probation for Annuity Terms, or, where these are unsuitable, for Provident Fund. Salary scale ranges from £E.432 to £E.894 for Annuity Terms and is about 17% higher for Provident Fund. Point of entry to the appropriate scale determined according to age, qualifics. and exp. Secondment terms may be arranged for candidates at present serving under Local Authorities in the U.K. Cost of living allowance at present payable at rate of £E.180 p.a. An outfit allowance is payable when contract is signed, if starting rate does not exceed £E.600 p.a. on Annuity Terms, or £E.700 p.a. on Provident Fund Contract. (£E.1 = £1 0s. 6*d*). There is no income tax at present in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Strict medical exam. Further partics. and applic. form from Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Please mark envelope "Mistress."

DEVONSHIRE C.C. Applics. invited for appointment of 5 Children's Visitors (4 female and 1 male or female) at a salary in accordance with Grade I of A.P.T. Division of Natl. Scale of Salaries (£390 to £435) to carry out work in connection with care of deprived children (Children Bill, 1948), namely, visiting of foster homes and children, and other allied duties under direction of Children's Officer. Pref. given to candidates holding Certs. of Social Science or of other appropriate courses of training, but other candidates possessing wide practical exp. of case work with children and young people also considered. Not all the appointments will be reqd. to be taken up immediately and students now taking University course for Boarding Out Officers are invited to apply. Successful candidates will be reqd. to reside in area of the County to which they are appointed and possess and drive a car. Council has a scheme of Hire Purchase and travelling allowances are paid in accordance with Council's scale. Appointments terminable by 3 months' notice in writing on either side and subject to provisions of Local Govt. Superann. Acts. Successful candidates reqd. to pass a medical exam. Applics., stating age, qualifics., present and previous appointments and exp., with names of three refs., must reach H. A. Davis, Clerk of the County Council, The Castle, Exeter, by June 5.

NOTTINGHAM Y.W.C.A. Club Leader reqd. immediately. Lge. membership, exc. premises. Staff includes Physical Training Organiser and Handicraft Specialist. Scope for initiative & enterprise. Sal. accdg. to exp. Full details, Sec., 42 Shakespeare St., Nottingham.

VACANCIES occur for persons to take charge of book shops in Germany. Apply in the first instance by letter, giving partics. of exp., present post, age, knowl. of book trade and welfare work, to the Personnel Secretary, Y.M.C.A., H.Q., 112 Great Russell St. W.C.1.

Appointments Vacant—continued

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the post of Music Lecturer. Interest in school music essential. Further particulars from the Secretary.

WESTER Elchies School (Prep. School for Gordonstoun). Following additional staff are reqd. for Sept., 1948, in connection with expansion of the School. Salaries based on Teviot Scale: (1) Master for Practical Subjects, to start and equip a new Practical Room for Woodwork and Metalwork, also to supervise outdoor maintenance activities on the estate. (2) Music Master, to teach Piano and Violin and to develop to the full the musical side of the School's life, including Choir, School Orchestra and Musical Appreciation. (3) Master for Mathematics. (4) Master or Mistress for History and subsidiary French. Applics. to be sent to Headmaster, Wester Elchies School, Aberlour House, Aberlour, Banffshire.

SALISBURY Diocesan Training College for Women. The Council proposes to appoint a Vice-Principal in Sept., which post will be combined with one of the following lectureships: Lecturers in Education (two) for Primary and Secondary schools. Lecturer in Biology including field work and environment study. Lecturer in French. Librarian. Two of the above posts could be combined or they could be held as pt.-time appointments. Work of college is particularly concerned with rural educ. Sal. accdg. to Pelham scale (non-res.). Applics. (no special form) to be sent immediately to Principal, 65 The Close, Salisbury, Wilts.

SURREY C.C. Education Cttee. Applics. invited from suitably expd. men and women for appointment as Children's Welfare Officers. It will be advantage for candidates to hold a Social Science qualific. Sal. for post will be in accordance with Grade 1 of the Administrative, Professional and Technical Division of the National Joint Council, namely, £390 × £15 to £435 plus London Area Weighting. Candidates will be reqd. to undertake duties in connection with the provisions of Children and Young Persons Acts and the proposals contained in the present Children's Bill. Applic. forms, with conditions of service, from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, on receipt of s. (2½*d.*) a. foolscap envelope.

COVENTRY Local Education Authority. Youth Service. Applics. invited for posts of 2 Assistant Youth Officers (1 man and 1 woman). Sal. in accordance with Grade III, A.P.T. Division of the National Joint Council Scales £450 × £15—£495. Applicants should have had exp. of work amongst young people and possession of a Social Science diploma will be an added qualific. Appointments will be subject to either the Teachers Superannuation Act or the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act. Forms of applic. and conditions of appointment from W. L. Chinn, Director of Education, Education Office, Council House, Coventry, to whom completed applics. must be returned by May 29.

KINGSTON-upon-Hull Education Authority. College of Art and Crafts. School of Architecture (Recognised by the R.I.B.A.). Reqd., as soon as possible, a Senior Assistant Lecturer in Architecture. Candidates should possess a Degree or Diploma of a recognised School of Architecture and be qualified to undertake some lectures and some supervision of students' work in connection with the Five Year Diploma Course. Permission to engage in private practice is normally granted to members of the College staff. Sal., £700 × £25 to £800 (men) or £560 × £20 to £640 (women), with additional allowances for training and degree. Partics. of appointment and applic. forms (to be returned by June 5), can be obtained on receipt of s.a. foolscap e., from Director of Education, Guildhall, Kingston-upon-Hull.

HERTS. Education Cttee—East Barnet Day Continuation School. Reqd. for Sept., qualified man assistant to teach Maths and General Science subjects, interested in physical and social education of adolescent boys; elementary technical drawing/visual aid exp. welcome; experimental attitude and enthusiasm for County College work essential. Sal. Burnham Scale. Apply at once (no forms), giving 2 refs.: Principal, R. M. Prideaux, M.A., c/o Technical Inst., Wood St., Barnet, Herts.

ST. Christopher School, Letchworth (Co-Ed., Food Reform, Burnham Scale, Superannuation). There is resident post vacant in Sept. for young, keen man/woman grad. to teach English to at least School Cert. standard. Also: Mistress to take girls' Physical Training and games (Lacrosse essential). This is a post for keen energetic woman interested in girls and their outside activities, camping, sports, etc. Applics. with full partics., including interests, games, etc., to the Co-Principals.

LEADER reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Club in Cardiff. Mixed membership, all ages. Energetic, competent woman in sympathy with yng. people. Sal. from £250 non-resident. Apply by letter to "S," Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. Women under 40 require M. of L. Permit.

LEADERS reqd. for 2 Y.W.C.A. Clubs in Home Counties. Well educated women interested in yng. people and prepared to work up membership. Non-resident posts, sals. £270 p.a. Apply by letter to "S." Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A., Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. M. of L. Permit reqd. for applicants under 40 yrs. of age.

FEMALE Assistant Librarian (Photographic) required by Publicity Department of large Petroleum Company for work in London. Should hold Intermediate exam. of Library Assoc. Age about 25 years, Box ZE.809, Deacons Advertising, 36 Leadenhall St. E.C.3.

CAVENDISH Secretarial Service, 28 Gt. Portland St. W.1. All office staff supplied and wanted. Also copying of professional, literary, foreign and business papers. Duplicating. High standard. MAYfair 2772.

Appointments Wanted

YOUNG man, 28, 6 years as R.A.F. Aeronautical Research Engineer, with subsequent high responsibility, became managing director of Engineering Company at end of war. Subsequent exp. of every aspect of owning and managing a company to-day, together with attractive offer for same, has decided sale. Now sks. prog. post as Executive Personal Assistant to industrialist who wd. appreciate level-headed, loyal & aggressive treatment of his affairs. Box 41, Smith's Library, Torquay.

Where to Stay and Restaurants

REST and quiet holiday, lovely wooded cntry. Breakfast in bed. Terms from 5 *gns.* Mrs. Bell, The Gables, Groombridge, Sussex.

COUNTRY Lovers. For delightful holidays try Plough Inn, Coldharbour, Surrey. Dorking 73293. Excellent cuisine. Modern conveniences. 6*gns.* p.w. inclusive.

IF it's a restful holiday you need, midst some of England's loveliest countryside, you should come to Cheltenham Spa. For Rail Services inquire at stations, offices or agents. Apply to Dept. 12, Town Hall, for Guide, etc.

BASK in the sun at Farringford, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, country house hotel. Relax in quiet homely lounges; savour the excellent fare; marvel at service and attention you receive, and return home more rested than you have been for years. From 9*gns.* wkly. Brochure from Resident Manager, Tel. Freshwater 312. A.A. appointed.

ACHILL Island. Slievemore Hotel for Spring, Summer and Autumn holidays.

REST, recreation and good food at Hotel Frohburg, 2,700ft. high on the Hauenstein Pass, near Olten, Switzerland. Within easy reach of Berne, Lucerne and Zurich. Pension 11 francs per day. Full details from the Proprietor, W. Bachmann.

RECOMMENDED Hotels and Guest Houses in Devon and Cornwall are described in "Hotel Discoveries" 2*s.* 6*d.* post free, from Victor Hilton, 45 Fleet St. Torquay.

CORNISH Manor. 15 acres. Mildest climate. Treharrock Hotel. Port Isaac 234.

SPRINGFIELD Grange School, Great Missenden, Bucks, will be open during the summer holidays for children from eight years upwards. Camping, riding, swimming and farm life available. For partics. apply Miss Garrard.

CORNISH fishing village, Mounts Bay. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven 271. Good food. Lt. Cdr. H. C. Selby, R.N. (retd.).

S. DEVON. Redway, Stoke Gabriel (Tel. 260) is a charming old house run as a small, comfortable guest-house, with lovely views & filled with sunshine. Mod. bathrms., plenty of hot water; interesting well-cooked food (poultry kept) & willing service. 5½/6½*gns.*

LEE Bay Hotel, Lee, Devon. Situated in beautiful and secluded valley by sea. Rooms available from now onwards. Communications to Proprietor, John Hamilton, Ilfracombe 60.

JERSEY. La Rocque Guest House, High St., St. Aubin. Vacancies June, July & September, 2 mins. sea. 6*gns.* No extras.

SOCIALIST Guest House in beautiful Ribble Valley (Lancs). Peaceful holidays, enlarged mod. farmhouse. Home cooking. Full board, £4 10*s.* Stamped env. for brochure "Clarion House," Clayton-le-Dale, nr. Blackburn.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds, Langston Arms Hotel, Kingham, Oxon, mod. comfort; fishing, tennis; splendid centre on main line from Paddington. Tel.: Kingham 209.

ENJOY a holiday nr. sea & cntry., walking, riding, own prod., licensed. Capel Court Hotel, Capel-le-Ferne, Folkestone 3462.

WOODFOLD, Fernhurst, W. Sussex, is a country house where guests enjoy comfort, good food and beautiful surroundings. Facilities for riding, indoor and outdoor games. From £5 5*s.* to £7 7*s.* Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Harrison. Fernhurst 76.

TREBLE House, Blewbury, Berks. Hotel of character on Berkshire Downs. Excellent fare.

SUSSEX. Cottage Guest House. Home-cooking. Mod. con. Open situation adj. Downs. Good bus service. Worthing 3 mls. Lancing 1 m. 5 *gns.* wkly. The Smithy, Sompting, Nr. Worthing. Tel. Worthing 6159.

SMALL Hotel on river's edge set in valley of great beauty. Remote yet accessible. Car meets train. Luxury beds. All rooms h. & c. Gaily decorated. Abundant food perfectly cooked. Boating, swimming, glorious country. Send for brochure to Danescombe Valley Hotel, Calstock, Cornwall.

CORNWALL. Atlantic Guest House, Summerleaze Crescent, Bude, on sea front. Every comfort.

FORTFIELD Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon. A.A. ****, R.A.C. Patronised by Royalty. Perfection in comfort and renowned cuisine. Excellent wines. In own charming grounds superbly situated overlooking the sea. Tel.: 903/4.

ASHDOWN Forest. Comfortable Residential Hotel—B'ton. to Tun. Wells, 119A, Daily Coach London. Send for Tariff. The Manor, Duddleswell. 'Phone Nutley 2.

WALKERS, Cyclists: Double room available with full board; woodland cottage nr. Beaconsfield. Box 3343.

CORNISH Coast. Small Guest House. Sands, bathing 5 mins. Nr. bus route. Open all yr. Clifton Cott., Treknow, Tintagel, C'wall.

OVERLOOKING sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

MARKLY for peaceful holidays in country house atmos. Georgian mansion in glorious parkland. Excel. ckg., garden prod., airy bedrms. (h. & c.), staff sincerely concerned with your comfort. Riding, tennis, garage. Sea 10 mls. Brochure: Manageress, Markly, Rushlake Green (Tel. 270), Nr. Heathfield, Sx.

GREEK Rest., White Tower, 1 Percy St. W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.